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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW,

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For the Month of *May* 1759.

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## ARTICLE I.

*The Theory of Moral Sentiments.* By Adam Smith, *professor of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow.* 8vo. Price 6 s. Millar.

THE philosophical writers, who enlighten the world by their reasonings and discoveries, are entitled to great praise; and so much the more as they seldom, in their own time, meet with that renown and reputation, which it is natural for an author of genius to propose to himself as the reward of his labours. Men of a philosophical turn alone are the proper judges of such performance; and as these are but few in all ages, profound reasonings make their way but slowly with the public, and are often overlooked, till the author can no longer reap pleasure or advantage from the reputation which he acquires by them. Nor is this the only obstacle to the progress of philosophical writings. Even the few who are entitled to judge of their merit, have often their sentiments warped by innocent, because unavoidable prejudices; and having previously embraced some system of their own, with regard to these objects of enquiry, receive with reluctance, if not with aversion, any attempt to overturn those opinions, which they have been accustomed to look upon as certain and indisputable. An historian or poet, or any author, who proposes to give us entertainment, is favourably received; and we consider him as a man who endeavours to add to our stock of pleasure and enjoyment: but a writer, who attempts to convey instruction, appears not to us under so favourable an aspect; and his very undertaking seems to imply a tacit reproach, either of our ignorance or mistake; an in-

Vol. VII. *May* 1759. C c

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finuation which no man, much less a philosopher, can hear of with pleasure.

As these difficulties retard the success of all philosophical writings, we may observe, that moral researches lie under peculiar disadvantages, and are addressed to a much thinner auditory, and meet with more numerous prejudices, than attend any other species of science or enquiry. The objects of such theories, tho' seemingly familiar and common, are, in reality, obscure and intricate. Every man of letters, almost without exception, has formed some kind of system with regard to them; and even men of the world, hearing that these subjects have been canvassed ever since the commencement of literature, are apt to think, that if human understanding could reach any certainty in such subjects, it must long ago have fixed on the true system.

The author of *this Theory of Moral Sentiments*, of which we propose to give some account to the public, has overlooked or neglected these discouragements, with that boldness which naturally accompanies genius; and after all the systems of moral philosophy, which have been advanced both in antient and modern times, has not feared to propose new principles and new deductions to the world. The ingenuity, and (may we venture to say it) the solidity of his reasonings ought to excite the languid attention of the public, and procure him a favourable reception. He needs but be hearkened to: his first principles appear so clear, the chain of his arguments so close, his argumentation, and even his style, so forcible and vigorous, that there is no danger of our confounding him with that numerous class of metaphysicians, who, rather from their incapacity for every other branch of learning, than from their peculiar talents for philosophy, have in all nations and ages, but never more than in this, given disgust to the studious part of mankind.

We shall endeavour to form an abstract of the reasonings of this very ingenious writer. However difficult to reduce into a small compass a system of this nature, we must necessarily give a view of the whole, in order to do justice to the author and to the public.

Our author seems to be fully sensible, that the only method by which moral philosophy can be improved, and acquire that solidity and conviction, in which it has been commonly found so deficient, is to follow the practice of our modern naturalists, and make an appeal every moment to fact and experience. He begins with observing, that, however selfish men may sometimes be supposed, there is a principle in their nature which interests them in the fortunes of others, and gives them a sympathy with  
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the movements and affections of their fellow-creatures. This sympathy he endeavours to account for, by supposing, that while we survey the pains or pleasures of others, we enter into them by the force of imagination, and form so lively an idea of these feelings, that it approaches by degrees to the feelings themselves.

‘ That this is the source of our fellow-feeling for the misery of others, that it is by changing places in fancy with the sufferer, that we come either to conceive or to be affected by what he feels, may be demonstrated by many obvious observations, if it should not be thought sufficiently evident of itself. When we see a stroke aimed and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, we naturally shrink and draw back our own leg or our own arm ; and when it does fall, we feel it in some measure, and are hurt by it as well as the sufferer. The mob, when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack rope, naturally writhe and twist and balance their own bodies, as they see him do, and as they feel that they themselves must do in his situation. Persons of delicate fibres and a weak constitution of body, complain that in looking on the sores and ulcers that are exposed by beggars in the streets, they are apt to feel an itching or uneasy sensation in the correspondent part of their own bodies. The horror which they conceive at the misery of those wretches affects that particular part in themselves more than any other ; because that horror arises from conceiving what they themselves would suffer, if they really were the wretches whom they are looking upon, and if that particular part in themselves was actually affected in the same miserable manner. The very force of this conception is sufficient, in their feeble frames, to produce that itching or uneasy sensation complained of. Men of the most robust make, observe that in looking upon sore eyes they often feel a very sensible soreness in their own, which proceeds from the same reason ; that organ being in the strongest man more delicate than any other part of the body is in the weakest.’

This account seems very natural and probable ; but whether be received or not, it is not of great importance to our author’s Theory. It is sufficient to his purpose, if sympathy, whence ever it proceeds, be allowed to be a principle in human nature, which surely, without the greatest obstinacy, cannot be disputed. This spring, this movement, this power, is the chief foundation of his system. By means of it he hopes to explain all the species of approbation or disapprobation, which are excited by human action or behaviour. It is indeed the principle which runs through all his theory of morals ; and if his deduc-



tions be as simple and convincing as his first fact or postulatam is evident and unquestionable, we may venture to give him the preference above all writers who have made any attempt on this subject.

There is a pleasure which attends all sympathy. 'As the person who is principally interested in any event is pleased with our sympathy, and hurt by the want of it, so we, too, seem to be pleased when we are able to sympathize with him, and to be hurt when we are unable to do so. We run not only to congratulate the successful, but to condole with the afflicted; and the pleasure which we find in conversing with a man whom we can entirely sympathize with in all his passions, seems to do more than compensate the painfulness of that sorrow with which the view of his situation affects us. On the contrary, it is always disagreeable to feel that we cannot sympathize with him, and instead of being pleased with this exemption from sympathetic pain, it hurts us to find that we cannot share his uneasiness. If we hear a person loudly lamenting his misfortunes, which, however, upon bringing the case home to ourselves, we feel, can produce no such violent effect upon us, we are shocked at his grief; and, because we cannot enter into it, call it pusillanimity and weakness. It gives us the spleen, on the other hand, to see another too happy or too much elevated, as we call it, with any little piece of good fortune. We are disobliged even with his joy, and, because we cannot go along with it, call it levity and folly. We are even put out of humour if our companion laughs louder or longer at a joke than we think it deserves; that is, than we feel that we ourselves could laugh at it.'

Having found that we feel pleasure when any passion or emotion appears in another with which we can sympathize, and a pain whenever the contrary happens, our author thinks, that this pleasure or pain will account for all our approbation or disapprobation of human action or behaviour. In order to try the solidity of this system, we need but examine, whether it be really the case, that sympathy and approbation are always found united towards the same objects, and the want of sympathy and disapprobation. 'When the original passions of the person principally concerned are in perfect concord with the sympathetic emotions of the spectator, they necessarily appear to this last just and proper, and suitable to their objects; and, on the contrary, when, upon bringing the case home to himself, he finds that they do not coincide with what he feels, they necessarily appear to him unjust and improper, and unsuitable to the causes which excite them. To approve of the passions of another,



another, therefore, as suitable to their objects, is the same thing, as to observe that we entirely sympathize with them; and not to approve of them as such, is the same thing as to observe that we do not entirely sympathize with them. The man who resents the injuries that have been done to me, and observes that I resent them precisely as he does, necessarily approves of my resentment. The man whose sympathy keeps time to my grief, cannot but admit the reasonableness of my sorrow. He who admires the same poem, or the same picture, and admires them exactly as I do, must surely allow the justness of my admiration. He who laughs at the same joke, and laughs along with me, cannot well deny the propriety of my laughter. On the contrary, the person who, upon these different occasions, either feels no such emotion as that which I feel, or feels none that bears any proportion to mine, cannot avoid disapproving my sentiments on account of their dissonance with his own. If my animosity goes beyond what the indignation of my friend can correspond to; if my grief exceeds what his most tender compassion can go along with; if my admiration is either too high or too low to tally with his own; if I laugh loud and heartily at what he only smiles, or, on the contrary, only smile when he laughs loud and heartily; in all these cases, as soon as he comes from considering the object, to observe how I am affected by it, according as there is more or less disproportion between his sentiments and mine, I must incur a greater or less degree of his disapprobation: and upon all occasions his own sentiments are the standards and measures by which he judges of mine.

‘ When we judge in this manner of any affection, as proportioned or disproportioned to the cause which excites it, it is scarce possible that we should make use of any other rule or canon but the correspondent affection in ourselves. If, upon bringing the case home to our own breast, we find that the sentiments which it gives occasion to coincide and tally with our own, we necessarily approve of them as proportioned and suitable to their objects: if otherwise, we necessarily disapprove of them, as extravagant and out of proportion.

‘ Every faculty in one man is the measure by which he judges of the like faculty in another. I judge of your sight by my sight, of your ear by my ear, of your reason by my reason, of your resentment by my resentment, of your love by my love. I neither have, nor can have, any other way of judging about them.’

Our author next proceeds to explain, that there is a double sympathy, which attends all our judgments concerning human sentiments and behaviour. We first consider the feelings of the person who is actuated by any passion, and next the feelings of the person who is the object of it. These sometimes are opposite to each other. When a man meets with any insult which, we feel, would provoke us to anger, we sympathize with his anger; it appears to us to have propriety; we approve of it; it is thought consistent with the rules of duty and morality: but when we turn our eyes to the object of this anger, we have not the same pleasant feeling of approbation. To be the object of anger is always disagreeable and shocking; and the pain which thence arises to the person, tho' it does not destroy, is able at least to diminish the sympathetic satisfaction of the indifferent spectator. On the contrary, all the benevolent passions are supported by a double sympathy: the propriety of the sentiment in the person, who feels it, gives us a high degree of satisfaction: the pleasing sentiments of the person, who is the object of it, encreases this satisfaction, and, consequently, this approbation. Hence it proceeds, that the angry passions in order to be approved of, must be much more reduced and tamed, and mollified, than the benevolent ones. A tendency towards love, friendship, humanity, is the characteristic of virtue: a propensity towards anger, resentment, jealousy, is a comprehensive description of vice. Every one is sensible, that this observation is founded on fact and experience; and such an evident concurrence of daily observation with our author's theory, must be regarded as a strong proof of its solidity.

This reasoning, which seems so conclusive, our author fortifies by a great number of other curious and ingenious observations. He remarks very justly, that we cannot sympathize fully with the bodily appetites of hunger and thirst, or transfer them to ourselves, as we do the passions of the mind. 'Hence it is indecent (says our author) to express any strong degree of those passions which arise from a certain situation or disposition of the body; because the company, not being in the same disposition, cannot be expected to sympathize with them. Violent hunger, for example, though upon many occasions not only natural, but unavoidable, is always indecent, and to eat voraciously is universally regarded as a piece of ill manners. There is, however, some degree of sympathy, even with hunger. It is agreeable to see our companions eat with a good appetite, and all expressions of loathing are offensive. The disposition of body which is habitual to a man in health, makes his stomach easily keep time, if I may be allowed so coarse an expression, with  
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the one; and not with the other. We can sympathize with the distress which excessive hunger occasions, when we read the description of it in the journal of a siege, or of a sea voyage. We imagine ourselves in the situation of the sufferers, and thence readily conceive the grief, the fear and consternation, which must necessarily distract them. We feel, ourselves, some degree of those passions, and therefore sympathize with them: but as we do not grow hungry by reading the description, we cannot properly, even in this case, be said to sympathize with their hunger.

‘ It is the same case with the passion by which nature unites the two sexes. Though naturally the most furious of all the passions, all strong expressions of it are upon every occasion indecent, even between persons in whom its most complete indulgence is acknowledged by all laws, both human and divine, to be perfectly innocent. There seems, however, to be some degree of sympathy even with this passion. To talk to a woman as we should to a man is improper: it is expected that their company should inspire us with more gaiety, more pleasantry and more attention; and an intire insensibility to the fair sex, renders a man contemptible in some measure even to the men.

‘ Such is our aversion for all the appetites which take their origin from the body: all strong expressions of them are loathsome and disagreeable. According to some antient philosophers, these are the passions which we share in common with the brutes, and which having no connection with the characteristical qualities of human nature, are upon that account beneath its dignity. But there are many other passions which we share in common with the brutes, such as resentment, natural affection, and even gratitude, which do not, upon that account, appear to be so brutal. The true cause of the peculiar disgust which we conceive for the appetites of the body, when we see them in other men, is that we cannot enter into them. To the person himself who feels them, as soon as they are gratified, the object that excited them ceases to be agreeable: even its presence often becomes offensive to him; he looks round to no purpose for the charm which transported him the moment before, and can now as little enter into his own passion as another person. When we have dined, we order the covers to be removed; and we should treat in the same manner the objects of the most ardent and passionate desires, if they were the objects of no other passions but those which take their origin from the body.’

‘ Even of the passions derived from the imagination, those which take their origin from a peculiar turn or habit it has acquired,



quired, tho' they be acknowledged to be perfectly natural, and, however, but little sympathized with. The imaginations of mankind not having acquired that particular turn, cannot enter into them; and such passions, tho' they may be allowed to be almost unavoidable in some part of life, are always in some measure ridiculous. This is the case with that strong attachment which naturally grows up between two persons of different sexes, who have long fixed their thoughts upon one another. Our imagination not having run in the same channel with that of the lover, we cannot enter into the eagerness of his emotions. If our friend has been injured, we readily sympathize with his resentment, and grow angry with the very person with whom he is angry. If he has received a benefit, we readily enter into his gratitude, and have a very high sense of the merit of his benefactor. But if he is in love, though we may think his passion just as reasonable as any of the kind, yet we never think ourselves bound to conceive a passion of the same kind, and for the same person for whom he has conceived it. The passion appears to every body, but the man who feels it, entirely disproportioned to the value of the object; and love, though it is pardoned in a certain age because we know it is natural, is always laughed at, because we cannot enter into it. All serious and strong expressions of it appear ridiculous to a third person; and if the lover is not good company to his mistress, he is to no body else. He himself is sensible of this; and as long as he continues in his sober senses, endeavours to treat his own passion with raillery and ridicule. It is the only stile in which we care to hear of it; because it is the only stile in which we ourselves are disposed to talk of it. We grow weary of the grave, pedantic, and long-sentenced love of Cowley and Propertius, who never have done with exaggerating the violence of their attachments; but the gaiety of Ovid, and the gallantry of Horace, are always agreeable.'

There is something similar in the selfish passions, hope, fear, grief, sorrow: these may be sympathized with by the spectator, and consequently, may be allowed to possess a degree of propriety: but they are never sympathized with to the full extent of what is felt by the person himself, who is actuated by them.

'It is upon account of this dull sensibility (says our author) to the afflictions of others, that magnanimity amidst great distress appears always so divinely graceful. His behaviour is genteel and agreeable who can maintain his cheerfulness amidst a number of frivolous disasters. But he appears to be more than mortal who can support in the same manner the most dreadful calamities. We feel what an immense effort is requisite to silence those

those violent emotions which naturally agitate and distract those in his situation. We are amazed to find that he can command himself so intirely. His firmness, at the same time, perfectly coincides with our insensibility. He makes no demand upon us for that more exquisite degree of sensibility which we find, and which we are mortified to find, that we do not possess. There is the most perfect correspondence between his sentiments and ours, and upon that account the most perfect propriety in his behaviour. It is a propriety too, which, from our experience of the usual weakness of human nature, we could not reasonably have expected he should be able to maintain. We wonder with surprise and astonishment at that strength of mind which is capable of so noble and generous an effort. The sentiment of compleat sympathy and approbation, mixed and animated with wonder and surprise, constitutes what is properly called admiration, as has already been more than once taken notice of. Cato, surrounded on all sides by his enemies, unable to resist them, disdaining to submit to them, and reduced, by the proud maxims of that age, to the necessity of destroying himself; yet never shrinking from his misfortunes, never supplicating with the lamentable voice of wretchedness, those miserable sympathetic tears which we are always so unwilling to give; but on the contrary, arming himself with manly fortitude, and the moment before he executes his fatal resolution, giving, with his usual tranquillity, all necessary orders for the safety of his friends; appears to Seneca, that great preacher of insensibility, a spectacle which even the gods themselves might behold with pleasure and admiration.'

By this obvious, yet ingenious, theory, the author accounts for the origin and distinction of the amiable and respectable virtues. He who has a tender feeling for the sufferings of others, possesses the former; he who enjoys an unalterable firmness in bearing his own misfortunes, is entitled to the praise of the latter.

The sentiments and affections of others may be considered in two lights; either with a reference to their cause or their effect. When we consider them with a reference to their cause, we approve or disapprove of them, according as we find ourselves capable or incapable of sympathising with them; of entering into them, or of going along with them; and we thence denominate them proper or improper. When we consider them with regard to their effect, to the good or ill which they produce towards others, we ascribe to them *merit* or *demerit*; we wish to reward or punish the person; we feel a species of gratitude or resentment towards him. The explication of those sentiments

timents forms the second part of our author's theory. As we have a direct sympathy with the agent in any virtuous conduct, and thence approve of it, so have we an indirect sympathy with the gratitude of the person who profits by it; and thence esteem his conduct meritorious, and wish to reward it.

• We sympathize with the sorrow of our fellow-creature whenever we see his distress: we likewise enter into his abhorrence and aversion for whatever has given occasion to it. Our heart, as it adopts and beats time to his grief, so is it likewise animated with that spirit by which he endeavours to drive away or destroy the cause of it. The indolent and passive fellow-feeling, by which we accompany him in his sufferings, readily gives way to that more vigorous and active sentiment by which we go along with him in the effort he makes, either to repel them, or to gratify his aversion to what has given occasion to them. This is still more peculiarly the case, when it is man who has caused them. When we see one man oppressed or injured by another, the sympathy which we feel with the distress of the sufferer seems to serve only to animate our fellow-feeling with his resentment against the offender. We are rejoiced to see him attack his adversary in his turn, and are eager and ready to assist him whenever he exerts himself for defence, or even for vengeance within a certain degree. If the injured should perish in the quarrel, we not only sympathize with the real resentment of his friends and relations, but with the imaginary resentment which in fancy we lend to the dead, who is no longer capable of feeling that or any other human sentiment. But as we put ourselves in his situation, as we enter, as it were, into his body, and in our imaginations, in some measure, animate anew the deformed and mangled carcase of the slain, when we bring home in this manner his case to our own bosoms, we feel upon this, as upon many other occasions, an emotion which the person principally concerned is incapable of feeling, and which yet we feel by an illusive sympathy with him. The sympathetic tears which we shed for that immense and irretrievable loss, which in our fancy he appears to have sustained, seem to be but a small part of the duty which we owe him. The injury which he has suffered demands, we think, a principal part of our attention. We feel that resentment which we imagine he ought to feel, and which he would feel, if in his cold and lifeless body there remained any consciousness of what passes upon earth. His blood, we think, calls aloud for vengeance. The very ashes of the dead seem to be disturbed at the thought that his injuries are to pass unrevenged. The horrors which are supposed to haunt the bed of the murderer, the ghosts which, super-



superstition imagines, rise from their graves to demand vengeance upon those who brought them to an untimely end, all take their origin from this natural sympathy with the imaginary resentment of the slain. And with regard, at least, to this most dreadful of all crimes, nature, antecedent to all reflections upon the utility of punishment, has in this manner stamped upon the human heart, in the strongest and most indelible characters, an immediate and instinctive approbation of the sacred and necessary law of retaliation.

Our very ingenious author, after having bestowed some considerations on the sense of duty, on conscience and remorse, proceeds to consider the effect of utility upon the sentiment of approbation.

‘That utility is one of the principal sources of beauty has been observed by every body, who has considered with any attention what constitutes the nature of beauty. The conveniency of a house gives pleasure to the spectator as well as its regularity, and he is as much hurt when he observes the contrary defect, as when he sees the correspondent windows of different forms, or the door not placed exactly in the middle of the building. That the fitness of any system or machine to produce the end for which it was intended, bestows a certain propriety and beauty upon the whole, and renders the very thought and contemplation of it agreeable, is so very obvious that nobody has overlooked it.’

The reason of this pleasure, which we receive from the contemplation of utility, is assigned by our author, to be a species of *sympathy* with the persons who reap that advantage. ‘The characters of men, as well as the contrivances of art, or the institutions of civil government, may be fitted either to promote or to disturb the happiness both of the individual and of the society. The prudent, the equitable, the active, resolute and sober character promises prosperity and satisfaction, both to the person himself and to every one connected with him. The rash, the insolent, the slothful, effeminate and voluptuous, on the contrary forbodes ruin to the individual, and misfortune to all who have any thing to do with him. The first turn of mind has at least all the beauty which can belong to the most perfect machine that was ever invented for promoting the most agreeable purpose : and the second all the deformity of the most awkward and clumsy contrivance. What institution of government could tend so much to promote the happiness of mankind as the general prevalence of wisdom and virtue? All government is but an imperfect remedy for the deficiency of

these. Whatever beauty, therefore, can belong to civil government upon account of its utility, must in a far superior degree belong to these. On the contrary, what civil policy can be so ruinous and destructive as the vices of men. The fatal effects of bad government arise from nothing, but that it does not sufficiently guard against the mischiefs which human wickedness gives occasion to.'

But though the author admits, that the consideration of usefulness enhances and enlivens the perception of moral beauty or merit; he very justly maintains, that that perception is originally and essentially different from any view of utility. It seems impossible, that the approbation of virtue should be a sentiment of the same kind with that, by which we approve of a convenient and well contrived building; or that we should have no other reason for praising a man than that for which we commend a chest of drawers.

Our author subjoins many irrefragable arguments, by which he refutes the sentiments of Mr. Hume, who founded a great part of his moral system on the consideration of public utility. The compass to which we are confined, will not allow us to explain them at full length: but the reader, who will consult the author himself, will find, that philosophy scarce affords any thing more undeniable and conclusive.

Some philosophers, whom we shall venture to call fantastical, have ascribed all sense of beauty, external as well as internal, to fashion and custom. Our author rejects this absurd opinion, but he allows these principles to have some influence; and he endeavours, in the fifth part of his Theory, to explain it.

'When two objects have frequently been seen together, the imagination acquires a habit of passing easily from the one to the other. If the first appears, we lay our account that the second is to follow. Of their own accord they put us in mind of one another, and the attention glides easily along them. Tho' independent of custom, there should be no real beauty in their union, yet when custom has thus connected them together, we feel an impropriety in their separation. The one we think is awkward when it appears without its usual companion. We miss something which we expected to find, and the habitual arrangement of our ideas is disturbed by the disappointment. A suit of cloaths, for example, seems to want something if they are without the most insignificant ornament which usually accompanies them, and we find a meanness or awkwardness in the

the absence even of a haunch button. When there is any natural propriety in the union, custom increases our sense of it, and makes a different arrangement appear still more disagreeable than it would otherwise seem to be. Those who have been accustomed to see things in a good taste are more disgusted by whatever is clumsy or awkward. Where the conjunction is improper, custom either diminishes or takes away altogether our sense of the impropriety. Those who have been accustomed to slovenly disorder lose all sense of neatness or elegance. The modes of furniture or dress which seem ridiculous to strangers, give no offence to the people who are used to them.'

' Since our sentiments concerning beauty of every kind, are so much influenced by custom and fashion, it cannot be expected that those, concerning the beauty of conduct, should be entirely exempted from the dominion of those principles. Their influence here, however, seems to be much less than it is every where else. There is, perhaps, no form of external objects, how absurd and fantastical soever, to which custom will not reconcile us, or which fashion will not render even agreeable. But the characters and conduct of a Nero, or a Claudius, are what no custom will ever reconcile us to, what no fashion will ever render agreeable; but the one will always be the object of dread and hatred; the other of scorn and derision. The principles of the imagination, upon which our sense of beauty depends, are of a very nice and delicate nature, and may easily be altered by habit and education: but the sentiments of moral approbation and disapprobation, are founded on the strongest and most vigorous passions of human nature; and tho' they may be somewhat warped, cannot be entirely perverted.

' But tho' the influence of custom and fashion, upon moral sentiments, is not altogether so great, it is, however, perfectly similar to what it is every where else. When custom and fashion coincide with the natural principles of right and wrong, they heighten the delicacy of our sentiments, and increase our abhorrence for every thing that approaches to evil. Those who have been educated in what is really good company, not in what is commonly called such, who have been accustomed to see nothing in the persons whom they esteemed and lived with, but justice, modesty, humanity, and good order, are more shocked with whatever seems to be inconsistent with the rules which those virtues prescribe. Those on the contrary, who have had the misfortune to be brought up amidst violence, licentiousness, falsehood and injustice, lose, though not all sense of the impropriety



priety of such conduct, yet all sense of its dreadful enormity, and of the vengeance and punishment that is due to it. They have been familiarized with it from their infancy, custom has rendered it habitual to them, and they are very apt to regard it as what is called the way of the world, something which either may or must be practised to hinder us from being the dupes of our own integrity.

‘ Fashion too, will sometimes give reputation to a certain degree of disorder, and on the contrary, discountenance qualities which deserve esteem. In the reign of Charles II. a degree of licentiousness was deemed the characteristic of a liberal education. It was connected, according to the notions of those times, with generosity, sincerity, magnanimity, loyalty, and proved that the person who acted in this manner, was a gentleman, and not a puritan; severity of manners, and regularity of conduct, on the other hand, were altogether unfashionable, and were connected, in the imagination of that age, with cunning, hypocrisy, and low manners. To superficial minds, the vices of the great seem at all times agreeable. They connect them, not only with the splendour of fortune, but with many superior virtues, which they ascribe to their superiors; with the spirit of freedom and independency, with frankness, generosity, humanity, and politeness. The virtues of the inferior ranks of people, on the contrary, their parsimonious frugality, their painful industry, and rigid adherence to rules, seem to them mean and disagreeable. They connect them, both with the meanness of the station to which those qualities commonly belong, and with many great vices, which, they suppose, usually accompany them; such as an abject, cowardly, ill-natured, lying, pilfering disposition.

‘ The objects with which men in the different professions and states of life are conversant, being very different, and habituating them to very different passions, naturally form in them very different characters and manners. We expect in each rank and profession, a degree of those manners, which, experience has taught us, belong to it. But as in each species of things, we are particularly pleased with the middle conformation, which in every part and feature agrees most exactly with the general standard that nature seems to have established for things of that kind; so in each rank, or, if I may say so, in each species of men, we are particularly pleased, if they have neither too much, nor too little of the character which usually accompanies their particular condition and situation. A man, we say, should look like his trade and profession; yet the pedantry of every profession is disagreeable. The different pe-  
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riods of life have, for the same reason, different manners assigned to them. We expect in old age, that gravity and sedateness which its infirmities, its long experience, and its worn out sensibility seem to render both natural and respectable; and we lay our account to find in youth that sensibility, that gaiety and sprightly vivacity which experience teaches us to expect from the lively impressions that all interesting objects are apt to make upon the tender and unpractised senses of that early period of life. Each of those two ages, however, may easily have too much of the peculiarities which belong to it. The flirting levity of youth, and the immoveable insensibility of old age, are equally disagreeable. The young, according to the common saying, are most agreeable when in their behaviour there is something of the manners of the old, and the old, when they retain something of the gaiety of the young. Either of them, however, may easily have too much of the manners of the other. The extreme coldness, and dull formality, which are pardoned in old age, make youth ridiculous. The levity, the carelessness, and the vanity, which are indulged in youth, render old age contemptible.

Our author concludes his ingenious Theory with some reflections on the different systems of moral philosophy, which have been advanced both in antient and modern times. Here he discovers the extent of his erudition, as well as the depth of his philosophy. He runs over with great perspicuity, both the speculation and practical systems of morality, which have obtained reputation in different ages; and he justly observes, that no one of them could ever have met with success, did it not bear some resemblance to the truth, and was not, in some particulars, conformable to fact and daily experience.

‘A system of natural philosophy may appear very plausible, and be for a long time very generally received in the world, and yet have no foundation in nature, nor any sort of resemblance to the truth. The vortices of Des Cartes were regarded by a very ingenious nation, for near a century together, as a most satisfactory account of the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. Yet it has been demonstrated to the conviction of all mankind, that these pretended causes of those wonderful effects, not only do not actually exist, but are utterly impossible; and if they did exist, could produce no such effects as are ascribed to them. But it is otherwise with systems of moral philosophy, and an author who pretends to account for the origin of our moral sentiments, cannot deceive us so grossly, nor depart so very far from all resemblance to the truth. When a traveller

traveller gives us an account of some distant country, he may impose upon our credulity the most groundless and absurd fictions as the most certain matters of fact. But when a person pretends to inform us of what passes in our own neighbourhood, and of the affairs of the very parish which we live in, tho' here too, if we are so careless as not to examine things with our own eyes, he may deceive us in many respects, yet the greatest falsehoods which he imposes upon us must bear some resemblance to the truth, and must even have a considerable mixture of truth in them. An author who treats of natural philosophy, and pretends to assign the causes of the great phenomena of the universe, pretends to give an account of the affairs of a very distant country, concerning which he may tell us what he pleases, and as long as his narration keeps within the bounds of seeming possibility, he need not despair of gaining our belief. But when he proposes to explain the origin of our desires and affections, of our sentiments of approbation and disapprobation, he pretends to give an account, not only of the affairs of the very parish that we live in, but of our own domestic concerns. Tho' here too, like indolent masters who put their trust in a steward who deceives them, we are very liable to be imposed upon, yet we are incapable of passing any account which does not preserve some little regard to the truth. Some of the articles, at least, must be just, and even those which are most overcharged must have had some foundation, otherwise the fraud would be detected even by that careless inspection which we are disposed to give. The author who should assign, as the cause of any natural sentiment, some principle which neither had any connection with it, nor resembled any other principle which had some such connection, would appear absurd and ridiculous to the most injudicious and unexperienced reader.

If there be any part of our author's valuable performance, which will give both entertainment and instruction to the careless reader (such as most readers are at present) it is this disquisition of the different systems of philosophy. We should but mangle it, by attempting to give an abridgement of it. We shall therefore conclude our account of this *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, by remarking, that the performance contains two kinds of merit, which are but too seldom found in works of abstract and speculative reasoning.

The first is the advantage of a lively, perspicuous, manly, unaffected style. His discourse, animated by the sentiments of virtue, flows along, like a full and rapid stream, and carries us through many entertaining scenes of common life, and many  
curious



curious disquisitions of literature. Though he penetrates into the depths of philosophy, he still talks like a man of the world; and after accounting for every part of his theory, by the abstract principles of human nature, he illustrates his argument every moment by appeals to common sense and experience. Whether his philosophical topics be solid or not, we dare not venture to pronounce: Time alone, the great test of truth, must affix his seal to subjects of such nice and curious disquisition. But his illustrations, being more within the reach of ordinary reason, fall under the apprehension of every reader, and form a strong presumption in favour of the solidity and force of our author's genius.

The second advantage to be found in this work, is the strict regard which the writer every where preserves to the principles of religion: however some pretenders to science may endeavour to separate the philosopher from the lover of religion, it will always be found, that truth being every where uniform and consistent, it is impossible for a man to divest himself of the one character, without renouncing all just claim to the other. As it is a familiar rule with logicians to conclude, that if any argument is attended with absurd consequences, it must itself be absurd; it ought no less to be established as a certain principle, that every topic, however specious, which leads into impiety or infidelity, should be rejected with disdain and contempt. Our author seems every where sensible of so fundamental a truth; and by keeping this great object in view, he secures himself, if not against all error, which it is impossible for human nature entirely to avoid, at least against all error that is dangerous or pernicious.

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ART. II. *A Treatise on the three different Digestions and Discharges of the Human Body. And the Diseases of their principal Organs.* By Edward Barry, M. D. F. R. S. professor of physic in the university of Dublin, and physician-general to his majesty's army in Ireland. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Millar.

THIS performance is not the effect of crude theory, unsupported by practical observation, but the result of mature reflection, suggested by experience, and deduced from an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the human machine. The learned author, in his preface, declares his design is to explain the procedure, and to ascertain the extent and limits of the three different digestions and discharges of the human body; to shew their analogy; and in what manner they are incident to

diseases peculiar to their principal organs, or to such as are derived on them, from defects in the former digestions and discharges. This is a very laudable plan; and, in our apprehension, executed with great accuracy, though, in some few places, we meet with opinions in which we cannot altogether acquiesce.

In the first chapter he treats of the first digestion of the food in the stomach of an animal: he considers the structure of this viscus, as well as the contents; rejects the notion of an *active ferment*; refutes the mechanical calculations of Pitcairn and Boerellus, with respect to the force and attrition of the stomach, and concludes with Boerhaave in his Institutions, that the alteration which the food receives in the stomach from its own immediate heat, and the mechanic action of its fibres, is greatly promoted, by its situation between the largest and most warm bowels of the body. Indeed all, or at least the greater part of his physiology, is borrowed from the Dutch Hippocrates.

In the article of mastication he observes, that those who have few teeth are, from an imperfect mastication, particularly subject to such disorders as arise from indigestion. Whether the saliva be of such use in digestion, as is generally supposed, we shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the Chinese eat their food without chewing, consequently it cannot be very intimately mixed with this liquor in the mouth; yet they are not more than their neighbours troubled with indigestion, but, on the contrary, are as healthy and strong as any people under the sun: nor do we hear any complaints of indigestion from persons who daily waste a great quantity of saliva, by smocking tobacco from morning to night: nor can we agree with the doctor, in believing that the finer parts of the collected fœces, are by the heat and strength of the great intestines received into their absorbent veins, which, like so many volatile spirits, raised by distillation from putrescent animal bodies, greatly contribute to animate the whole machine. Volatile spirits obtained from animal bodies, are not raised without a violent degree of fire, which cannot possibly be kindled in the human constitution; and the stercorous effluvia of the fœces would be more apt (we should think) to disorder than to animate the animal machine.

In the second section our author treats of a depraved appetite and indigestion, for which, if they proceed from the stomach's having lost its tone, he recommends the *Bath waters* of Somersetshire, above all other stomachics, to strengthen and animate the relaxed bowel by their grateful warmth, chalybeate qualities, and volatile spirit. When vomits are necessary, he directs

directs the operation to be promoted by moderate draughts of a strong infusion of horse-radish in hot water, which powerfully attenuates and disengages the phlegm, and warms and strengthens the stomach. This very infusion, as we learn in *Paulus Aegineta*, was recommended by *Diocles Carystius* to *Antigonus*, one of the successors of *Alexander the Great*.

The subject of the second chapter is the second digestion, or the alteration effected in the chyle, by its circulation through the lungs, before it arrives at the left auricle and ventricle of the heart. The first section of this chapter treats of the tenacity of the blood, and its constituent parts: and here the author gives us to understand, that of all the methods he has tried for dissolving the tenacity in the serum and blood, from too great a degree of heat, he has found none so effectual as that of suspending it in the vapour of warm water impregnated with vinegar.

The third chapter turns upon the urine, and the diseases of the second discharge, which is an excretion of the superfluous parts of the chyle, remaining after it is changed into serum. In the first section we find judicious remarks on the nature and formation of calculous concretions. In the second, he treats of the defects of the second discharge from tumors, stones, or other obstructions, even to a total suppression of urine: an instance of which last he inserts by way of illustration.

‘ A gentleman was suddenly seized in the evening with an acute pain in the region of the left kidney, and had made such a large quantity of urine, that he asked me if whiting, of which he had dined that day, was a diuretic. In a few hours the pain was so very severe, that he sent for me again. By repeated bleeding, clysters, and anodynes, it became more mild; and the next morning I found him entirely free from pain; but from the time it had ceased, he never made any urine. This total suppression continued four days, without any remarkable complaint, or the least inclination to make urine. His body was kept freely open, various diuretics were directed, with bathing, and exercise; but all in vain. On the fifth day he complained of a sickness in his stomach, pains in his head, and thirst: these symptoms increased the next day, and were succeeded by a vomiting, hickup, convulsive motions, and a lethargy. He died on the eighth day in the morning.

‘ Mr. Osborne, an eminent surgeon, attended him with me, and constantly introduced the catheter every day, and on that



preceding his death, without discharging any urine; but for some hours before he died, the nurse-tender had observed, that the sheet under him was wet, from urine ouzing from him. On opening his body, the right kidney was less, more hard, and of a paler colour, than in a natural state, the ureter belonging to it ossified, without any cavity, and extended only to within an inch of the bladder, where the place of its former insertion was marked with a black solid spot: the left kidney and ureter, were larger than the natural size; the pelvis, and ureter, free from any stone, or obstruction; but the bladder was greatly distended with urine; some small stones, and a large one, in the form of a wedge, with a considerable quantity of mucus, lay near the neck of the bladder: four stones of a cubic form, and nearly the size of dice, of a black colour, and very light, were found in the gall-bladder.

‘ From the progress of this disorder, it is evident, that the violent pain, and increased quantity of urine, were owing to an irritation of the kidney, from the stone put into motion, and which continued until it was disengaged from it; but ceased when it fell into the pelvis, and entirely stopped up the passage into the ureter. It is probable, that this stone advanced more forward into the ureter, while he was in a lethargic state, and insensible of pain; and that by the weight of urine, it was forced into the bladder, the night preceding his death.

‘ I was well acquainted with this person, and though one kidney must have been entirely useless for some years, yet he enjoyed a good state of health, and had not been liable to any complaints, but of the cholic kind; and these neither severe, or frequent. It is very probable, that a total suppression seldom happens, but when one of the kidneys has been for some time before incapable of separating the urine; and that whenever there is a total, or partial obstruction in the one, the defect is generally supplied by an increased discharge through the other, which prevents the ill effects which otherwise must more frequently attend the retention of this acrid, excrementitious humour.’

In the third section the doctor describes the different species of the diabetes, which, when it exists singly, and is not far advanced, may be easily cured by subastringent medicines; the repeated use of rhubarb in small quantities, preparations of the Peruvian bark, and the elixir of vitriol with Bristol waters.

In the subsequent chapter, which treats of the nature of aliments, animal and vegetable, the reader will find much entertainment

tainment and information, touching the dietetic part of medicine. We cannot, however, assent to the doctor's affirmation, that life must be destroyed before the animal fluids can acquire a perfect putrid, or alkaline state; inasmuch as we have seen instances of the yellow fever in the West-Indies, attended with such a putrefaction of the juices, that the patient, for many hours before death, discharged putrefied bile as black as ink, *ἄνω καὶ κάτω*, and the whole surface of the skin, from yellow, degenerated into the same colour. We must likewise dissent from our author's opinion, that in sea-voyages the scurvy is not owing to salt, but to a contrary state of the fluids, to a putrid acrimony and dissolution of them, in which circumstance, fresh animal food would sooner bring on an increased putrid state, than sound and well salted meat, unless some acid vegetables, or spirituous antiseptic corrector was added to their drink. It must be owned, that persons at sea who never eat salted provision, are nevertheless subject to the scurvy; and that many who live on such food, are also exempt from this disorder: we therefore imagine, that the sea-scurvy exists, independent both of salted or putrid provision, though, perhaps, either might contribute to augment the distemper: but it may be nevertheless owing to salt. We know that the atmosphere at sea is loaded with salt, and that the external surface of the body is furnished with innumerable inhaling vessels. These will receive the circumambient salt moisture, which will also be admitted into the lungs in inspiration. We know sea-salt has dissolved the texture of the blood to such a degree, that it has burst from the pores of the skin. We know that in warm climates there is a great waste of fluid by perspiration, and that this cannot be properly supplied by a short allowance of water, to which the mariner is restricted; consequently the blood will be deprived of its finer parts, and these will be replaced by a kind of natural brine floating in the atmosphere. A combination of such circumstances is sufficient to produce the sea-scurvy; and that they do concur in its production, appears from the almost instantaneous alteration effected by the land air, and plenty of fresh water, even where all other refreshments have been wanting.

We agree with our author, in thinking that salt is an agreeable and necessary corrector to animal food, and that it is even necessary to animals that feed on vegetables. The planters in North-America are obliged to convey loads of salt to the inland pastures once a year, for the benefit of their cattle, which swallow it with great eagerness; and the native Indians, who subsist chiefly on venison and animal food, come down to our

settlements occasionally to buy salt, which they devour in handfuls with surprising avidity : yet the Laplanders, Samoides, and Greenlanders, live almost entirely without this corrector, even while they feed on fish, beaver, seals, and the most rancid animal diet, sauced with train-oil. This food, however, they correct with sorrel, scurvy-grass, and other antiseptic vegetables. As for salt, it is, without all question, salutary in moderation, but pernicious in excess.

Our author in Chap. V. proceeds to describe the third digestion, which renders the *ingesta* fit for nutrition. Here we meet with a curious investigation and analogy between the *serum sanguinis*, and *albumen ovi*. The first section turns upon nutrition, or the manner in which the human body is kept in constant repair, and the natural causes of old age. The second section treats of animal spirits and nervous diseases, a proper field for imagination and theory, in which the doctor is remarkably ingenious : but, alas ! this is all conjecture. We have seen the brain of a cow, including the cerebrum and cerebellum intirely ossified, and the animal must have lived a long time in this condition ; for we cannot suppose, that the whole brain was consolidated into a hard bone in the very article of death. We should be glad to know, in this case, how the animal spirits were separated from the blood.

In the sixth chapter we have a very sensible essay on perspiration, and the diseases of the third digestion and discharge. This naturally introduces the gout, in the different species of that disease, humoral, nervous, complicated, latent, fluctating, and fixed. He observes, that the only rational and safe method of preventing or moderating the paroxysms of the gout, is by strengthening and regulating the digestions and discharges : for this purpose he recommends the *static* rule, to preserve that certain degree of weight in the body, under which it enjoys the most perfect health. Before the expected paroxysm of a regular, periodical gout, he advises that the body should be gradually reduced, and preserved in its usual weight, for the same space of time in which it usually lasted ; that perspiration should be promoted by frictions, exercise, and diaphoretic medicines. As the regimen he prescribes in general for this disease, appears to be well adapted, we shall insert the remaining part of this chapter.

‘ As the appetite is often depraved, a solid food cannot be taken in a sufficient quantity, until that is restored, and the digestive powers strengthened. The medicines which are most proper



proper to answer these intentions, must be suited to particular constitutions, and defects in the first digestion: the rules necessary in such cases to be observed, have been given in a former section: sudden changes are not to be expected, or safely attempted; and the milder stomachic medicines, which are grateful to the stomach, will prepare it for others more warm, and strengthening.

‘ The Bath waters are particularly useful in gouty constitutions, properly prepared to drink them, seldom fail to improve the appetite, and digestion, to promote perspiration, and the finer secretions. They likewise increase the efficacy of other medicines, by conveying them farther into the more distant vessels of the body.

‘ Bathing in these warm waters, answers many necessary intentions in this distemper. Whenever there is a plenitude, indigestion, or any quantity of gouty materials formed in the blood, or accumulated in the joints, though unattended with pain, it is improper. The quantity of water, and its degree of heat, ought to be adapted to the strength of the constitution. The Greek physicians directed it with great judgment in various diseases, and condemn in others, the unseasonable or improper use of it. Hippocrates, among several, gives an excellent, general rule, the neglect of which is often attended with ill consequences, *That when the natural heat of the body is superior to that of the bath, it gives strength, and vigour; but when inferior, a wasting, and languor will succeed.* On which account they directed some previous exercise, not only to throw off superfluous crude humours, but to prepare the body for the use of it.

‘ While the first passages are oppressed with indigested humours, neither Bath-waters, bathing, or the most powerful, strengthening medicines will avail; warm stomachic purgatives, repeated at a proper distance, are then most useful; and in the short intervals of tedious, gouty paroxysms, nothing will more contribute to prevent the frequent returns, and to make them more effectual than the tinctura rhabarb vinos. either taken alone, or mixed with the tinctura sacra: when given in a proper quantity, and going to rest, they do not depress, but raise the motion of the blood; and while they disengage, and strengthen the stomach, and bowels, probably often carry off some gouty materials collected in them, and which, from their weakness, and relaxation, they will be apt to receive. On which account, when a latent gout in these parts becomes more fixed, and painful, or is suddenly thrown on them, medicines of this kind give the most immediate relief, and prepare the body for the use of

such as may more effectually determine it to the surface, and the joints; among these the *confectio cardiaca*, *rad. serpentar*, and camphire, deserve a principal place.

‘ External applications are generally either useless or dangerous. I have known some remarkable instances, where persons tortured, and almost spent with severe pain, have received immediate ease from a vapour-bath of hot water, retained under an arched covering over the vessel; it comes with the softest contact to the part conveniently placed in it, incapable then of bearing the least pressure, mildly attracts, and relaxes, and is at length often succeeded with a local perspiration, an increased swelling, and a more moderate degree of pain.

‘ In a weakness of the joints, and oedematous swellings, which are the frequent consequences of a continued gout, nothing more contributes to restore their strength, than rubbing the parts with flannels, impregnated with the aromatic vapour arising from *olibanum*, *mattich*, and *succinum*, thrown on coals, or a heated iron plate.

‘ From this general sketch of the causes and nature of the gout, the regimen which is necessary in different constitutions, and stages of it, may be easily deduced; and from thence it is evident, that whatever contributes to improve the digestions, and regulate the discharges, and particularly insensible perspiration, will give the safest, though a slow relief to gouty constitutions; that where the digestions are entirely impaired, and the strength is reduced by frequent returns of the gout, a milk diet prudently directed, may prolong life, and make it more easy; that a mixed diet of that kind, and of animal food, may be useful in other cases; that a merely vegetable diet, which is with the greatest difficulty assimilated into healthy animal fluids, is therefore most improper, and dangerous in gouty constitutions; and that whenever gouty materials are formed in the finest vessels of the arterial, and nervous system, a regular paroxysm will more effectually depurate them, than any other discharge; and that in habitual gouty constitutions, this painful, though salutary irritation, becomes likewise in some measure necessary to throw off other beginning disorders, which arise from too languid a motion in the fluids.’

The subject of chap. VII. is the atrophy, which the doctor traces through all its symptoms, and treats with his usual accuracy. In the succeeding chapter he describes the structure and use of the lungs, in which we cannot expect to find any new discoveries. It may be worth observing, however, that Dr.  
Barry,

Barry, in this dissertation, differs in opinion from the celebrated Haller, who asserts, that the coronary arteries of the heart, are not distended with blood alternately, but at the same time with the whole arterial system, during the contraction of the heart. Our author, on the contrary, cannot conceive how the same contraction or force of the heart, should give the blood a direct motion through the aorta; and a motion almost quite opposite to it, through the coronary arteries. We do not think this difficulty is at all insurmountable. In a common hydraulic machine, water may be forced forwards through a cylinder, and backwards through a reflected tube, at the same instant and with the same impulse: but Dr. Haller's opinion is confirmed by experiment. Having cut the coronary arteries, he observed, that during the contraction of the heart, the blood sprang up at a greater height from these opened vessels, which must consequently be distended at the same time with the others of the arterial system. In opposition to this experiment Dr. Barry says, the motion of the heart in a dying animal, irritated with pain, is so very quick, that it is difficult to distinguish between its pulsations, and almost impossible, at *that point* of time when the aorta first begins to contract, and the heart to fill again, in which the blood receives its short retrograde motion, &c.

With all due deference to our author's learning and experience, we will venture to contradict this assertion. The *systole* and *diastole* of the heart in dying animals, succeed each other in the most distinct and deliberate manner; and this alternation appears the more slow and evident in proportion as the animal is exhausted. We have seen the best anatomist of the age insert a small trocar in each ventricle of the heart of a live cat, in order to decide the contest, whether both ventricles were contracted at the same instant, or successively; and the blood was thrown out of both pipes by the same contraction. Many animals live a considerable time after the thorax is laid open, and during that space the heart beats in the most distinct and regular manner.

Neither are we quite satisfied with our author's theory, when he endeavours to account for the heat of the blood from the particular elasticity of the solids, the conic form of the arteries, their ramifications, the various motions and repercussions arising from hence, and the animal spirits mixing with the blood. All the other causes will only occasion an agitation, which, let it be never so violent, will not excite in any fluid such a degree of warmth; and as for the nature of the animal spirits, it is altogether unknown. We shall perhaps find the cause of the blood's heat,



heat, in that electrical fire which is continually imbibed from the circumambient air, and pervading every part of the body.

The last chapter contains a complete treatise on the diseases of the lungs, in the different articles of a catarrh, asthma, obstructions in the lungs, hæmoptoe, and abscess, or ulcer. The symptoms and distinguishing marks of all these disorders, are mentioned and explained with great accuracy, and a rational method of cure prescribed for each; yet we do not perceive any thing new or uncommon either in the theory or practice. We are surprized, that in enumerating the symptoms that precede an abscess in the lungs, he has omitted shiverings, without which no pus is formed in any of the viscera, flushing in the face after meals, and pain on the tips of the shoulders. When he prescribes exercise in a free *dry air*, we wonder that he does not mention change of air, and the different kinds of air suited to different constitutions. To lungs of a certain texture, some kinds of air are too dry, to others, too moist. We have known a consumptive patient find benefit, by removing his lodging from the Gravel-pits at Kensington to the lowest part of Westminster. Persons labouring under pulmonary ulcers have frequently recovered by returning to their native air, even in the Fens of Essex.

With respect to the dietetic regimen, we imagine the author might have, with great propriety, forbid set meals, in consequence of which the weakened stomach is overloaded, the circulation in general incommoded, and a deluge of crude chyle, after every digestion, poured at once into the diseased lungs, which can ill perform the office of attenuating, separating, and mixing such a large accession of fluid. Even if the pus is well digested, the ulcer will never heal and incarn, unless particular care is taken to keep the lungs from violent exercise: but this cannot be prevented, unless the patient is directed to receive his nourishment in such small portions, that the stomach shall not be overloaded, and that the new chyle shall insinuate itself insensibly into the subclavian vein.

Dr. Barry is a great advocate for the operation, in case of an empyema, which he has often seen performed with success, as will appear in the following instances:

A young gentleman of twenty years of age, was seized with a pain in his left side, which continued for some days, and, from some circumstances attending it, was mistaken for an ague: bleeding in a sufficient quantity was neglected; he became hectic, and expectorated purulent matter: the cough was frequent,  
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the expectoration difficult, and not *equal* to the load which oppressed him. In this state I saw him, and recommended the operation in that *part* of his side where he had been formerly affected with *pain*. It was performed by *incision*, and discharged about six ounces of purulent matter : the discharge continued regular for several days, but was with some difficulty promoted by a strong inspiration, and coughing, and then flowed at the different efforts which he made, like wine out of a hog'shead which has not a sufficient vent ; this became more easy, and effectual by the use of injections. The expectoration and discharge continued for about six weeks, but gradually lessened : the cough and other symptoms abated, and in about two months time he was perfectly recovered. I visited this gentleman in the year 1726 : his case was again laid before me in the year 1754 ; he had then lately recovered from a pleuritic disorder, and was afraid of the same consequences which formerly attended it.

‘ Within these three years Mr. Tucky, an eminent surgeon, performed this operation by my direction on two soldiers in the royal infirmary in Dublin, who had scarce any external marks to determine the seat of the ulcer, but the former pain ; from each there was a free and regular discharge of purulent matter, and both recovered. In one of them he was obliged by his obstinacy to desist from the operation, but at his own request it was finished the next day.’

Thus have we given a superficial sketch of this performance, which is written with elegance and perspicuity, and will, we doubt not, be received into the medical library, as a monument of the author's candour and erudition.

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ART. III. *The Mother : or, The Happy Distress. A Novel. In 2 Vols. Pr. 6s. Baldwin.*

ONE great aim of novel-writers ought to be, to inculcate sentiments of virtue and honour, and to inspire an abhorrence of vice and immorality. The author of the piece now before us, seems to have adhered closely to this laudable intention : he has, moreover, entertained us with a variety of incidents, among which are interspersed divers striking characters, some of them originals, and all of them well sustained. We must likewise own, that the language is pure and elegant, and the diction animated with that spirit which, though we feel it agreeably in reading, is not easily described or explained : perhaps this is the very zest that constitutes a work of genius.

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The fable of this novel is simple, easy, and natural, which nevertheless, in the course of narration, *speciosa miracula promit*; and some of these *miracula* are, in our opinion, *nimis speciosa*. Lieutenant Darking, who is ignorant of his own parentage, steps forth as the principal character of the piece; an honest tar, modest, unassuming, brave, and generous, distinguished by an air of plainness and simplicity peculiar to his profession, which recommend him still farther to the good graces of the reader. This gentleman, in a voyage to Barbadoes, happens to attract the eyes of a rich widow, who conceives an unaccountable affection for him at first sight, interests herself warmly in his affairs, from an impulse of nature, and, by accident, discovers him to be her own son, whose true name is Cranwell. This recognition is well imagined, and so truly pathetic, that a reader of sensibility will not read it without shedding tears.

The rest of the first volume is taken up with the history of Mrs. Manby, the lieutenant's mother, which abounds with entertaining vicissitudes. Here we have an account of her parents, and their misfortunes, of her marrying a poor clergyman, who was our lieutenant's father, of her being left a widow in low circumstances, of her being falsely accused of felony, transported as a convict, taken by a Spanish guarda costa, conveyed to Carthagena, released and brought over to Barbadoes, where she was married to Mr. Manby, a gentleman of fortune, which she inherited at his death. The incidents are thick sown and well conducted; and among the characters here presented, that of her own mother is one of the most original we have seen. This good lady, by the death of her husband, and other family-misfortunes, was, with her daughter, reduced to the lowest ebb of distress, when the affliction in her countenance at church engaged the attention of a very generous humorist. He introduced himself into her acquaintance, and insisted upon befriending her for his own sake.

“As to what you call friendship (says he) I have no manner of notion of the thing, nor am I come here to show you any. I tell you again, madam, I am a very extraordinary fellow. I would not give a shilling, either in friendship, or charity, to save the world from perdition——, but supposing now, madam, that you have a violent fit of the tooth-ach, and that I am an apothecary, would not you be glad to give me half a crown for a medicine, that you are sure would relieve it?—Answer me that, good madam, before I go farther.” “Why, to be sure, I should, replied my mother, staring at her visiting humorist.” “And pray, madam, might you not give this half crown



crown to the apothecary, though you did not care if he was at the d—l next hour—. Answer me again, was it not for your own sake you gave it?—Undoubtedly. Then, I hope, resumes the gentleman, friendship was no part of your motive?—neither is it mine, madam, I apply to you for my own sake. I am at this very time in the utmost pain, and 'tis in your power to relieve me, by prescribing what I am to do, that I may not have the perpetual torment of seeing you unhappy."

In consequence of these principles he resolved to make the widow happy. He desired to know the utmost of her wish, which was very moderate. At his next visit he found all her necessities were not removed, and augmented her allowance: in a word, her wants increased in proportion to his generosity. He removed her to a genteel lodging; he provided her with a maid servant, and larger appointments; he settled her in a house of her own, handsomely furnished, with the use of a garden; hired a footman to attend her, and still exceeding her wish, increased her salary to one hundred and fifty pounds. By this time she was become a fine lady again; visited none but persons of fashion, and had discarded her own daughter as an unnecessary incumbrance. After she had been thus happily situated about three quarters of a year, her benefactor visited her in an agreeable retreat, and asked if she was now happy.

' Her allowance had been punctually paid,—she had no complaints of her servants,—the weather was fine,—but what did all those enjoyments signify, who could not enjoy her natural rest.—' Was she in health?'—was the next question Mr. Dillman put to her, though he never had seen her look so fat and fresh. At that question she shook her head, and asked him, ' Whether he had known any one in health, when deprived of natural rest; that such was her case, and it gave her such a swimming in the head all through the day, that she had no enjoyment of herself, and was quite weary of her life.' Her benefactor, alarmed at this, was for sending her instantly his own physician, but she told him with a dejected, melancholy air, that no advice, or physician, could do her service. Mr. Dillman then imagining that her mind was oppressed, proposed sending to a neighbouring divine, who was an eminent casuist; but she told him, she thanked God, she had nothing that disturbed her conscience. This appearing very extraordinary to Mr. Dillman, he grew more impatient than ever; and at last my mother, pointing to her neighbour's pea-hen which sat upon a wall facing her bed-chamber, she acknowledged, that all the misery of her life was owing to the noise which that pea-hen made; adding, that

that she would not stay another month in the house, if Mr. Dillman would make her mistress of all his estate, unless that cursed pea-hen was removed. 'Madam, madam, said the old gentleman, starting to his feet and shaking his head, a pea-hen will follow you wherever you go;' and in so saying, he made my mother a low bow, and left her no little picqued at his want of breeding.

'Next morning, the steward of his estate came, and acquainted my mother, that his master had let her house, with the furniture, to another tenant, and that he expected she would leave it in a fortnight. My mother at first imagined, that she had received this warning, only because Mr. Dillman had provided her an house more to her liking; but what her astonishment, after the steward had paid her her quarterage, he told her, that he had his master's orders to acquaint her, that she was to expect no more money from him; and that he hoped she would not trouble him upon any account, that he was gone to Bath, and would not so much as receive a letter from her.

'In vain were all my mother's intreaties, prayers, nay tears, to know how she had disobliged her generous benefactor; the steward answered her only with a smile of contempt, and after taking an inventory of the furniture, he left the house.'

In the second volume we think the author's imagination begins to run riot. Lieut. Darking, now captain of a privateer, is assaulted by a party of marines on the island of Tobago, and, after a bloody fight, is in great danger of being assassinated, when he is saved by the interposition of a stranger and some servants. This stranger conveys him wounded to his habitation, which, though described with all the luxuriancy of fancy, is quite an enchanted castle. The generous owner is an Englishman, a person of refined taste and honour, who has abandoned his country, on account of some disgust that renders him unhappy in the midst of health and affluence. He conceives an affection for Darking, accompanies him to Barbadoes, and proves to be the very person on whose account Mrs. Manby had been convicted of felony, and transported. He had lived restricted by a brutal father; he had made his addresses to Mrs. Manby, when she was the widow Cranwell; and in token of his regard, privately left in her drawers the watch of his deceased mother. The father having received intimation of this transaction, secured the son, obtained a search-warrant, found the watch, and hurried on the trial, before his son knew a tittle of the affair. The son, whose name was Morgan, no sooner understood the fate of

Mrs.

Mrs. Cranwell, than he felt all the distress which a young man of sensibility may be supposed to have felt on such an occasion. He considered his father as a very wicked man, and had reason afterwards to look upon him as an unnatural monster. At last he died, and the son succeeding to an opulent fortune, went abroad with a view not only to improve himself in his knowledge of men and manners, but also in hope of forgetting his dear widow Cranwell, of whom he could learn no tidings, after the most earnest inquiry. In France he was engaged in a variety of adventures, some of which had like to have proved fatal to him. At length he returned to England, accompanied by Mr. Denain, a French clergyman, whom he converted to the protestant religion, and favoured with his intimacy: but the remembrance of his beloved Mrs. Cranwell growing more and more uneasy to his mind, he relinquishes society, and purchases a plantation in Tobago, where he lives without any other company than that of his friend Denain, and assumes the name of L'Estrange. He renews his suit to Mrs. Manby, which is supported by Darking, now Cranwell, and is married to that lady by Mr. Denain. Their affairs in the West-Indies being settled, they return to England, where the son has an opportunity to rescue from the flames a fine young lady, whose house was on fire. He becomes enamoured of this lovely creature, whom he has the good fortune to inspire with a mutual passion. She passes for an orphan, under the tuition of a guardian, who, tho' he is himself laid up with the gout in the country, consents to the match, in consequence of an inquiry into Cranwell's character. They are wedded accordingly; but their nuptial happiness is soon interrupted by a strange alarm. A clergyman seeing them together, declares to the young lady in private, that she is the daughter of the man to whom she has given her hand. Distracted with this intelligence she is involved in the utmost distress; and though she conceals the discovery from her husband, imparts it to his mother. At length this mystery is unravelled in the most interesting manner: the lady proves to be daughter to her husband's particular friend, and enjoys a fortune of forty thousand pounds: in fine, all parties are made happy according to the strictest poetical justice.

On the whole, this novel, notwithstanding some inaccuracies and extravagant flights of imagination, abounds with nature, character, and sentiment.



ART. IV. *A Compandious History of the Popes, from the foundation of the see of Rome to the present time. Translated and improved from the German original of C. W. F. Walch, D. D. professor of divinity and philosophy at Gottingen. 8vo. Price 5 s. Rivington and Fletcher.*

THE performance now before us is valuable for its method, which is new and instructive ; for he not only gives us a history of the popes, but a history of the papacy. This is a sensible distinction : by the first he relates facts, by the second he enters upon the *rationale* of those facts, and upon every thing relating to the office, dignity, and power of the pope ; and without confining himself to the confutation of the unlawful claims of the see of Rome, he exhibits a very true and striking picture of what the papacy has been in all times, and the changes it has undergone. He tells us, in his preface, that he has been principally attentive to the rise, the growth, the checks, the vindications, limitation, extension, and establishment of the papal supremacy, and to the means by which all was accomplished. This he says comprehends a considerable part of the history of the canon law, and is connected with particulars which nearly concern the public law of the European states. He seems to complain of not being assisted equally through the whole of those disquisitions ; and he has been very full in pointing out to his readers, the authorities upon which they, as well as his narrative, are founded.

Our author has been very careful in specifying the writings of the popes, especially those of ancient times ; and we believe he is not mistaken in saying, that his catalogue of the historians of the popes is more compleat than any that has yet appeared. By the historians of the popes, however, it appears that he does not mean professed historians, but those whose writings tend, in any degree, to illustrate his subject.

It must be acknowledged that Dr. Walch, our author, has been so impartial in the narrative part of his history, that a candid reader, in perusing it, cannot discern whether he is Protestant or Papist, which is a *rara felicitas* ; and he is so much wedded to truth, that he has justified characters which have been censured even by cardinal Baronius, that Coriphæus of papal history.

Our author sets out with a preliminary discourse, which admits of no extract, it being a connected account (and a very curious one too) of the authors and their characters of writers,

from which he takes his authorities. We cannot, however, omit observing, that he mentions Mr. Archibald Bower as having acquired reputation by his *History of the Popes*, and likewise Tillamont, which he says is not complete; but without any remark of reprobation upon the former, who is the avowed plagiarist of the latter. Whether our author in this has been influenced by any degree of partiality for a subject of his own sovereign, we cannot pretend to say. It is natural to believe, that in such a vast variety of writers he has consulted on this subject, it was impossible for him to give so minute an attention to each writer upon the same subject, as to ascertain the similarity, or rather the identity, of their accounts.

Dr. Walch has treated the high antiquities of the papacy with a very just freedom; he has admitted that St. Peter was probably at Rome, and that he died there, but he thinks his primacy is chimerical; and that the church of Rome, by the constitution of other apostolical churches, could have no particular bishop before the end of the first century. His account of the first series of popes, which reaches down to the year 304, is candid, edifying, and critical, upon true principles; for he every where quotes his authorities, whether he speaks doubtfully or positively.

There is somewhat in his history of the papacy during this period that is new and entertaining, and illustrates our author's principles of ecclesiastical government; therefore, without either commending or censuring it, we shall give the whole chapter entire, as it is but short, in the words of the translator.

' Sect. 1. That Christ himself established a monarchy in his church, and appointed Peter his viceroy, who invested the bishops of Rome as his successors with this dominion over the whole church of Christ, are tenets so often and so solidly confuted, that we may safely pass them over, as utterly unknown in these most primitive and pure ages.

' Sect. 2. On the contrary it is undeniable, that when towards the end of the first century, the first and eldest of the pastors had a preference of rank, but not of power and dignity, yielded to him at Rome, as in other churches; he was distinguished by the title of Bishop; which then imported no more than the chief among the elders, who were all equal in office, duty, and privilege.

' Sect. 3. The church of Rome was subject to no other, and no other church was subject to it; and it is false, that at least, the apostles instituted patriarchs and metropolitans.

\* Sect. 4. The union of different churches in succeeding times, however salutary in itself, was attended with many abuses; especially the union of those churches which had before, either by their situation, or by new congregations, been connected, furnished a spacious opportunity for one church to acquire more authority than others; and this was chiefly the case of those churches, which were indisputably of apostolical foundation, or in the capital of a province.

\* Sect. 5. Both circumstances contributed to raise the credit and dignity of the church of Rome. Her bishop gradually distinguished himself more and more from the elders. We meet with encomiums upon that church so early as in the second century: but these by no means prove, that other churches submitted to her: the contrary manifestly appears from the instances of the Asiatic churches in the affair of Easter.

\* Sect. 6. It is not yet less demonstrable, that the bishops of Rome had titles of honour superior to other bishops, or a right to controul the conduct of other churches.

\* Sect. 7. In the third century the bishops exalted themselves highly above other pastors, and drew many dangerous consequences from the doctrine of one church. Some bishops even claimed a superiority to others; but they were at the same time very jealous of each other, and the doctrine of the equality of bishops admitted of no superiority. They considered the bishop of Rome as one of their brethren, and were offended at Stephen for pretending to prescribe laws to them; tho' they willingly allowed the Roman church to be one of the principal.

\* Sect. 8. It is therefore impossible that the other bishops should acknowledge him for their judge. Advice given in friendship and confidence implies no jurisdiction. It is admitted, however, that in the third century a more immediate foundation was laid for the structure raised in the following, at the council of Nice. On the other hand, the decrees of Sinnessa being spurious, prove nothing.

\* Sect. 9. But that neither the bishops of Rome pretended to be infallible, nor others thought them so, is the more clear and demonstrable. They themselves gave proofs of the contrary, both by their example and by the stress they laid on councils.

\* Sect. 10. The church of Rome consisted at first of teachers and hearers. The first were either elders or deacons; but to such a number were their offices increased so early in the third century, that Cornelius mentions the following ecclesiastical persons,



persons, forty-six presbyters, seven deacons, seven sub-deacons, forty-two acolites, fifty-two exorcists, readers and door-keepers, and above fifteen hundred widows and poor, who were maintained by the congregations. In the most important concerns, the assent of the people was required, and the usual circular letters were sent to them.

‘Sect. 11. The bishop usually obtained his office by election, in which the laity also voted. The imposition of hands in later times was performed by foreign bishops, of whom some attended on that occasion.

‘Sect. 12. So that hitherto we see nothing of the dignity, office, and privileges of Cardinals. The distresses of the church did not allow Christians a building of their own, even for their religious assemblies; much less could they enable the bishop of Rome to live in splendor and keep a court. He was no more than a subject to his emperor. They held their office during life, except only in case of banishment.’

Our author says roundly that it is false that Hosius, bishop of Corduba, acted as plenipotentiary to pope Silvester, at the council of Nice: but he says that two other ecclesiastics, Vitus and Vincentius, were sent thither by the bishop of Rome, and that the archierchy was there settled, and the bishop of Rome invested with the primacy over these churches, which, in civil matters, were subject to the jurisdiction of the *wicarius urbis*. This seems to be a sensible, and indeed the true, account of the original of the papal primacy. Mr. Walsh is much more candid than most of the protestant writers are in his account of the famous pope Liberius, whom even some moderate papists have accused of Arianism; but he owns, that after Liberius had been banished for opposing the Arians, he closed with them, or what our author calls the Semi-Arians, and approved of the deposition of honest Athanasius. Upon this pope Liberius was restored to his see, Felix, his antagonist, was expelled; but our author acknowledges, that Liberius attoned for his apostacy, by a sincere repentance.

Our author's account of the popes to the year 604 is very amusing, and the more so, as he has thrown into it only the most interesting particulars, by which the reader easily retains in his mind the facts and their connection, which is indeed the general character of his work. He observes that pope Gregory the Great was the first pope who assumed the appellation of ‘Servant to the Servants of God,’ which, in a prelate of his unbounded ambition, our author says, was manifest hypocrisy.

Mr. Walch, in his History of the Papacy, during the above period, viz. to 604, says, that we cannot, in any part of it, consider the pope as the head of all the churches in the world. 'He was (says he) a patriarch, and had the chief place among his brethren, because he resided at Rome, the capital city of the whole empire; and hitherto the popes had desired no more. They began indeed to arrogate to themselves that pre-eminence, which they pretended the scriptures had given to the apostle St. Peter; but they were still ingenuous enough to acknowledge, that their privileges were of human original.'

Having thus given some account of our author's performance, during the most disputed period of the papal history, it would be needless to enlarge upon later times, in which the facts admit of very little controversy; and therefore he can say very little that is new.

It was according to our author, who is very strong in his authorities, between the years 604 and 816, that the high claims of the papacy commenced; and he gives several very sensible concurring accidental causes for their establishment. Speaking of the famous pope Joan, who is supposed to have lived in 855, he says, 'That her history is not so much a fable as a riddle, of which the solution has not yet been sufficiently attempted.' We cannot here help wishing, that Dr. Walch had seen a treatise, entitled Pope Joan, or, a Dialogue between a Protestant and a Papist, printed in the Harleian pamphlets upon this subject; where the author has discussed it to the foundation, and has laboured to establish the existence of such a being as a female pope. Mean while, as Critical Reviewers, we cannot help putting a mark of reprobation upon the principal argument which moderate Protestants advance for believing there never was such a person as pope Joan; because, say they, Blondel, who was a champion for Protestantism, wrote a book to confute it. Blondel did so; and it was perhaps very right in him, as a controversial writer, to give such a proof of his candor in so immaterial a controversy, that he might attack the Romanists with greater advantage upon points that are far more essential, which he has often done. But with those gentlemen's leave, the authority of Blondel and all protestants, as well as popish writers put together, can never destroy the credit of a fact, if it rests upon uncontrovertible evidences, and evidences which, perhaps, they never had an opportunity of seeing. The reader is not to imagine, that we are here giving our opinion in favour of the reality of a female pope. No, we are only throwing out a caution against holding up authority (be what it will) against facts;

fact ; and fifty-nine out of sixty, who talk upon this subject, can give no better reason for disbelieving it, than that Blondel, and some protestant writers, have contradicted it. ' It is very gross (says our author) to pretend, that the Protestants are the authors of a story which was publick at least three hundred years before the reformation.' The story, however, is too gross for belief, and can at best be intitled to the rank of a riddle, which Dr. Walch has assigned to it.

The historical part of this work is continued down to the year 1758 ; but is remarkable for little or nothing but the character we have already given it, and its being very particular in enumerating the writings of the popes. The author seems to understand English, by his quoting several English works, which we believe never were translated into any other language. His character of the famous Leo X. is well marked, and more agreeable to truth than we generally find it in other authors.

' He was (says he) a man, who, besides his natural parts, was well versed in the liberal sciences, and a patron of learned men. But he eclipsed the fame of this character by his voluptuous life, which broke out into great extravagancies ; by his sumptuous pomp ; by his shallow knowledge in divinity ; by the indecent pleasure he took in jests of his own or of others, sometimes obscenities, and by his zeal for advancing his own family, which was the principal motive that induced him so often to change sides in the commotions in Italy, and more than once to betray his allies.'

Of Sixtus V. our author remarks, perhaps very justly, that his passion for humbling Philip of Spain, whom he hated, made him look upon the beheading of Mary queen of Scots with eyes very different from those of a zealous pope. In like manner he observes of innocent XI. that his hatred to France made him concern himself very little about the revolution in England.

In short, this is a clear and concise History of the Popes, and may be used to great advantage by the learned as well as the unlearned. We cannot, however, help observing, that either the printer or the translator of the work before us has been most scandalously inaccurate.



ART. V. *A Treatise on the Court of Exchequer: in which the revenues of the crown; the manner of receiving and accounting for the several branches of them; the duty of the several officers employed in the collection and receipt; the nature of the processes for the recovery of debts due to the crown; are clearly explained: as also occasionally, the nature of the feudal and other antient tenures; the origin of parliaments, convocations, the several courts of justice; and many other curious and useful particulars, are shewn. By a late Lord Chief Baron of that court. 8vo. Price 5s. Nourse.*

THIS treatise, which is the work of lord chief baron Gilbert, is not to be considered merely in the light of a law-book, but likewise as an excellent introduction to the English antiquities and history. His lordship has here exhibited a very clear and distinct account of the origin and ancient jurisdiction of the court of Exchequer; of the ancient revenues of the crown arising from crown-lands, from church-lands, and spiritual tenures; from counties; from debts due to the king on recognizance, or bonds; from escheats; from casualties by fines and amerciements; from the first-fruits and tenths; from the land-tax, the revenue of the customs, and that of the excise.

Under those several heads he has recounted the different manners in which they were levied, accounted for, and paid into the Exchequer. Under that of the crown-lands we have a curious account of the rise of the two houses of parliament, which, according to our author (tho' his opinion here is very questionable) were composed of the *barones majores*, and the *barones minores*. His history of burgage-tenures, and the manner in which burgessees came to sit in parliament, is accurate and natural, and the original of *quo warrantos*, which have been since so much abused, is curious. As those passages are short and clear, we shall give them to the reader as a specimen of the work.

' The tenants in *antient demesne* found provision for the king, and the tenants by *burgage* tenure found cloth and other merchandize for him; and these provisions being valued at a certain rate, were afterwards, in some cases, turned into rents, and in some received in specie: but upon particular occasions of wars, the justices itinerant were wont to go within those liberties, and after a solemn declaration of the king's necessities, they used to ask a *free gift* in that place as an aid towards the king's wars: and such tenants and burgessees were used to vote in the first place, that the king should be supplied;—in the next place the *quantum* of the supply;—and then they appointed their

their own assessors, which were generally two, who rated every person towards that *quantum*: and then the king's collectors entered into such liberty and collected it, according to the rate thus imposed.

‘ If such burrough would either not supply the king, or not supply him in proportion to his wants, the king could not tax them by his own power; because they were *free* and *not villains*: for none but villains could be taxed *haut en bas*, or at the meer pleasure of their superiors: but where they would not grant a supply, it was usual for the justices in eyre to inquire into their proceedings, and if there was any abuse of their liberties, *quo warrantos* were sent down, in order to seize the franchises.

‘ From this we may see the reason of the inequality of representation in the several counties; for there were only two representatives in a county, and the rest were according to the number of friburghs that were in that county; and therefore when any manor of ancient demesne was so changed, that the provisions they were wont to answer to the crown in specie were turned into a rent, they erected it into a *friburgh*; and there were words in the charter to give them a liberty discharged from all payments: these were not taxed but by a *free gift*, which was managed as is herein before-mentioned. But those ancient demesne lands that sent their provision in specie, and had not changed them into rents, were not tallaged; because after the provisions rendered to the crown, there was but a small livelihood remaining to themselves for their labour and pains, and therefore they would afford no tallage.

‘ Hence it is, that in the time of Edward the First, some manors of ancient demesne sent members to parliament and not others; because such were then *friburghs* subject to tallage.

‘ In Cornwall they sent forty-two members to parliament, because there were twenty friburghs in that county; and that came to pass, because that was an earldom, and afterwards a dukedom, apart, and generally possessed by some of the royal family; and it being a place abounding in tin, they erected as many free ports as they could, for the exporting of that manufacture, and some of them were, under express conditions mentioned in their charters, that they should not be taxed but when the rest of the king's subjects were.’

The treatise now under our consideration brings its subject down almost to the present times. It is to be wished, that the learned author had lived to have given it the last hand: there

are, in some places, manifest repetitions, which the editor might have retrenched without any manner of sacrilege to his memory, and other passages have not been rightly considered. It is, however, a valuable work, in one respect, that it has reduced the reading of a great lumber of useless reading into a very short and concise compass. There is great merit in this, as the nature of the subject admits of nothing original to be said upon it. He had, as being chief baron of the court he describes, all the information that practice could communicate. Madox, who writes from Rolls' Accounts, and other original papers, is his chief authority: Prynne, the most laborious collector and transcriber that perhaps ever existed, holds the second rank; and Selden (tho' an author of much greater original learning than either, yet far less to be depended on, because he sometimes hazards a conjecture) is here occasionally quoted.

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ART. VI. *Fifteen Discourses devotional and practical, suited to the use of Families: with a proper Hymn annexed to each. To which is added, by way of Appendix, an historical Dissertation on the Analogy between the Behaviour of God's People towards him, in the several Periods of the Jews and Christian Church; and his correspondent Dispensations toward them in those respective Periods.* By John Mason, A. M. Octavo. 5s. Noon.

THOUGH we (in England) have often made ourselves very merry with *Scotch presbyterian eloquence*, there was a time, not very long ago, when reprisals might have been made, and the laugh turned against *English presbyterian eloquence*; and indeed many of the church would have afforded ample materials for such a work, not excepting a Tillotson. But times are changed; and since Dr. Watts flourished, who we believe was the first person among the dissenters who has written like a gentleman, we find good sense and sound learning assiduously cultivated among that class of men. And to mention no others, among many that might be named, Mr. Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel History* is not only an honour to the body of which he is a worthy member, but we may say, and justly too, an honour to the present age; and we doubt not but it will be thought so to the latest posterity, and his name ranked high among those who have nobly served the common cause of christianity. The present writer before us, though he may not merit to be placed in the first class, comes very near it, whether we consider him as a divine or a scholar. We have read his discourses with



with attention and pleasure, and dare recommend them to our readers. And as the author says, in his preface, he has no apology to make for putting forth these sermons to publick view, so we think he needs none.

Though sermons do not well admit of extracts to be made from them, yet we will venture at one or two, that we may give our readers some opportunity of judging of his stile and manner. And that shall be from his first, On our ignorance of God, from Job, xxvi. 14. *How little a portion is heard of him?* These words he chooses to examine in a general sense, and proposes to consider these six things. How little we know of God's being, — manner of existence, — divine perfections, — works, — ways of providence, — and lastly, of his word.

On the third head he thus expresses himself. 'How little do we know, or how weak and faint are our notions, of the divine *perfections*! Both his natural and moral perfections leave our thoughts labouring in the research infinitely behind.

'What those perfections are as subsisting in a limited degree in creatures we know; but what they are as subsisting without limits, or to the utmost extent in God, we know not. For instance, what power is we know, from its acts and effects; but what the utmost extent of power is, even in creatures, we know not: much less can we conceive of omnipotence, or the infinite power of the great creator; with whom all things are possible that are the proper objects of power: that is, who can do every thing that does not involve a contradiction, or imply an imperfection. For instance, he cannot make a thing to be and not to be at the same time; and he cannot falsify his word: but he can call worlds into being with a word; and can command myriads of immortal substances instantly out of nothing. For *by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. He breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and we came not only living souls, but intelligent and immortal spirits; for the inspiration (or breath) of the Almighty hath given us understanding.*

'Again, take one of his moral attributes; his goodness, for example: We know what goodness, benignity and mercy mean, and how amiable they look in a limited subject; but what infinite goodness is in God, it far transcends all our powers to conceive. Two instances he hath given of it, which greatly astonish our imagination, and which without a revelation

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tion from himself it had been impossible for us to have thought of. (1) That he had made us out of nothing on purpose to make us eternally happy in himself. (2) That when we had lost the original rectitude of our nature, and consequently the happiness for which we were designed, God was pleased, in great compassion to us, to send his own son to redeem us, and to recover us to a capacity of enjoying the happiness from which we were fallen : and the wonderful manner in which Christ hath redeemed and recovered us, *viz.* by assuming our nature, that he might be capable of dying, and by his death purchase salvation for us; in sending his spirit to prepare us for, and his gospel to guide us to it: this method, I say, in which he hath redeemed us, the pious thinking mind cannot contemplate without the highest gratitude and astonishment. *Such knowledge is, too wonderful for us, it is high we cannot attain unto it, i. e. we cannot attain to a just and adequate conception of it.*

‘ The same may be said of all the other attributes of the divine nature, both natural and moral; for this plain reason, because finite capacities can never comprehend infinite qualities. — O, how humbling and self-abasing is this reflection! how mean does it make us appear in our own eye! and how modest and cautious should we be in thinking and talking of, and in pronouncing our sentiments upon such incomprehensible subjects! And he that is most afraid of his own prejudices, most diffident of his own understanding, most diligent in searching the scriptures with an unbiassed mind, most importunate for and dependant upon the divine grace, to direct, assist, and enlighten him, he is the man that is most like to attain the best and truest knowledge therein.’

We cannot but say that we wonder as much that the doctrine of the Trinity is no way mentioned in this sermon, in which the being and manner of the deity's existence is professedly treated on, as that an ingenious gentleman should have introduced it in his notes on a late translation of one of Aristophanes' comedies. And what makes this omission of Mr. Mason's a little suspicious, is that the hymn at the end of the sermon wants these four lines:

All glory to the sacred three,

One ever living Lord:

As at the first, still may he be

Belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

Which

Which we have made bold to add, from the book from which Mr. Mason borrowed the former part of the hymn, *viz.* from a Roman catholic book of devotions in the ancient way of offices, with psalms, hymns, &c. The edition we have used is the fourth, printed at Roan in 1685.

It is very probable Mr. Mason might borrow it from Dr. Hickes, who has it in his book of devotions, and some other things from the above book. Whether the rest of the hymns are borrowed, we have had neither time nor inclination to inquire.

We have no more to add, but that the appendix is an ingenious essay, worthy the perusal of the reader.

‘The design of this dissertation is (to use his own words) to prove, that, however ready we may be to censure and condemn the temper and behaviour of the ancient people of God towards him, yet that of christians has been much the same, or very like it, in the several periods of the christian church: and to point out some remarkable instances of analogy or resemblance between his dealings towards *them*, and his dispensations towards *us*; in consequence of that similarity between their conduct and ours.’

This gentleman has favoured us with several other ingenious works, mentioned at the end of the above; particularly a valuable Treatise on self-knowledge.

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ART. VII. *Plutarch's Lives, in six volumes. Translated from the Greek. With notes, explanatory and critical, from Dacier and others. To which is prefixed the life of Plutarch, written by Dryden. 8vo. Price 1l. 10s. Tonson.*

**W**E know no author, antient or modern, who contains in his works so great a variety of reading and information as Plutarch does. As an antiquary, a biographer, an historian, a moralist, a naturalist, a theologist, and an universal historian, his writings contain inexhaustible funds of knowledge, which the learned of all ages since his have applied to: they seldom go away unsatisfied, and never dissatisfied, because, tho' they may not find the precise point of their enquiry, they never fail to meet with somewhat in their search that rewards their pains.

Of all Plutarch's works, that before us is undoubtedly the most valuable. Happily for the interests of learning he lived in that isthmus of time, that divided taste and literature from ignorance



ignorance and barbarism; when many, almost recent, memorials of the great men he describes were extant; and when the throne of the Cæsars was filled with a succession of princes, who valued themselves upon being the patrons of letters, and the restorers of antiquity; for even Domitian, tho' a tyrant, was a Mæcenas, and our author being a favourite with Trajan, we cannot suppose he could want for any literary assistance the Roman empire could afford him, for completing any work he undertook.

As to his merits as an author they are too well established for us to enlarge upon them here: but we cannot help observing, that his manner, as an historian, was adopted by our great Shakespeare as a poet. Both of them have one quality, which is perhaps peculiar to themselves; for they describe the MAN as well as the PRINCE, or the HERO; they exhibit him with all his weakneses, as well as his virtues about him; they conduct their readers from the bustle of life, and the pomp of courts, to the shades of retirement, and the scenes of domestic familiarity.

And yet Plutarch's Lives, before the present edition was published, was *laniatum corpore toto*. Poor Dryden employed as many gentlemen authors to translate him, as there were assassins who run their daggers into the body of Cæsar. The wounds they gave him were innumerable, but seem to be cured by the editors of this edition, who, by translating some parts anew, and by revising, correcting, and amending the whole, have at last given us a translation of Plutarch, worthy of the names of Plutarch and Dryden to be prefixed to it.

ART. VIII. *The Safety and Perpetuity of the British State, under the influence of political and religious zeal. Being the substance of several discourses preached before the university of Cambridge during the late rebellion and present war. By W. Weston, B. D. fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. Whiston and White.*

NOTHING is more common or more easy than to build a system on a certain principle, to which the author may, by ingenious conjectures, plausible deduction, and the force of argumentative wrestling, reduce all the virtues or vices, all the happiness or misery, in a word, all the motives, which affect or influence human nature. One philosopher founds all virtue on the basis of self-interest; another deduces it from a moral sense implanted in our nature; a third denies that there is any such thing as either or virtue or vice, merit or demerit; but that the actions

actions and dispositions to which we absurdly apply these terms are equally conducive to the great plan formed by God and nature.

With respect to national calamities, those who have preached or written on this subject differ greatly among themselves, in assigning them to different causes. Some place them to the account of faction; others to corruption and venal spirit; a third set impute them to luxury, and her effeminate train; a fourth, to irreligion; a fifth, to want of police, or a failure in the execution of the laws: but the rev. Mr. Weston, B. D. fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, seems to think they are owing to a want of political and religious zeal, and a passion for ridicule, which has overspread the land.

In his first chapter, which turns on the *power of zeal in regard to the state*, our learned author, from a detail of eminent examples in history, endeavours to shew the exceeding great difficulty of conquering any nation which is zealous for its government and religion. He instances the Arabians, inspired by the doctrines of Mahomet, who, from a weak, divided, and despicable people, became the dread and terror of mankind, and subdued the most powerful nations with swiftness and rapidity. He likewise mentions the Turks, as a people who had drank deep of the extatic manners of their predecessors. We know not whether Mr. Weston looks upon ambition, the desire of glory, conquest, and riches, as a species of zeal; but we imagine this will be found to have been the actuating principle among the Arabian and Turkish generals, who formed those conquering armies, and made use of religious zeal as an ingredient to inflame the courage of their soldiers. This zeal, however, is so blind and so headstrong, as not to be restrained within the bounds of military discipline; and therefore a very dangerous instrument in the hands of a knavish or unskilful leader. It was zeal, religious zeal, that influenced *Cucupietre*, or *Peter the Hermit*, and his followers, to the number of fourscore thousand fighting men, to undertake such exploits as ended in their ruin. The Turkish infantry are so frantic with zeal that they reject discipline, and for that reason are generally routed by those who have less enthusiasm, and more deliberation. It is well known that fanatics, intoxicated with religious zeal, have always made a wretched figure, when brought in opposition to a regular militia, untainted with such a leaven. Cromwell, it is true, found means to mingle discipline with this kind of zeal: but every now and then it broke out into outrage and irregularity; so that with the utmost difficulty, even a leader of his resolution and sagacity, could keep it within bounds by dint of the most violent

lent efforts : at length it became too furious even for him to manage ; it rendered him extremely miserable in the last years of his life ; and had he lived a little longer would, in all probability, have hurled him from the place he had usurped : after his death it involved the nation in anarchy. It was intirely owing to zeal, that the Scots were massacred at Dunbar, defeated at Pentland-hills, and routed at Bothwell-bridge. The reason is very plain : zeal tampered with, is inflamed to fanaticism ; and this is one species of madness. The Arabians did not conquer their neighbours by zeal, though, perhaps, this might be partly an incitement for them to undertake the conquest of those who differed from them in point of religion. The Persians and Greeks were sunk in sloth, cowardice, and effeminacy : the Arabians were strong, active, inured to hardship and fatigue, and led on by enterprising generals ; of consequence they were victorious and successful. The Turks, far from being actuated by religious zeal, began by subduing those very Arabians from whom they received their religion. The Christian crusades were instigated by religious zeal, and consequently unfortunate even against the effeminate sons of Lesser Asia : for though they gained some few advantages, they were soon obliged to relinquish their conquests, and driven intirely out of that country.

We need not enumerate the mischiefs intailed upon mankind by this religious zeal, because Mr. Weston will say it was a false zeal ; but we must observe, that zeal is like a fire kindled among straw ; we know not how fierce the flames will burn. We must likewise take notice, that Mr. Weston is mistaken in saying, that the two principal parties engaged in the crusades were the French and English. The English were not nationally concerned in the first expeditions under *Cucupietre*, *Godfrey of Bouillon*, *Godchal* the German preacher, *Robert* duke of Normandy, *Raymond* count of Toulouse, and *Bohemond* prince of Tarentum. The English were not concerned in the second migration, under *Lewis the Young* of France, and *Conrad III.* emperor of Germany ; under *Frederick Barbarossa* and his successor ; under *Baldwin* of Flanders, the marquis of Montserrat, the Venetians ; under *Erloin*, a monk of Bretagne, the widow of a king of Hungary, *Theobald* of Champagne, king of Navarre, and the emperor *Frederick II.*

Our author also seems to be mistaken in his opinion of the people called Assassins. They were no more than an handful of men, inhabiting part of the mountains of Syria, in a sort of despotic government erected by their *sheick*, or chieftain, distinguished



tinguished by the appellation of the *Old man of the mountain*, whom they obeyed as their spiritual guide, as well as their temporal sovereign. They were, it is true, the most desperate bigots upon record, but not at all so formidable as our author seems to imagine; far from myriads, their number amounted to a few thousands only: at length their capital was taken by the Tartars, and the *Old man of the mountain*, with all his followers, were exterminated.

In the second chapter we have many instances of true zeal, and its glorious effects, among antients and moderns, in the conduct of Greeks and Romans, of Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and English; and what was this zeal? It was the love of country, public spirit, and that desire after liberty which is so natural to the mind of man. This, indeed, is a zeal which cannot be too warmly inculcated: this is true patriotism, rising in defence of our natural rights against tyranny and oppression.

The third chapter treats of the excesses of ridicule in this kingdom. Mr. Weston complains, that wantonness of banter has crept into the tribunals of law, as well as into all things relating to the church and state. He takes it very much amiss, that ministers of state are ridiculed; that even bishops are bantered; that patriotism itself is derided, together with the militia; and that mankind should presume to laugh at the *new birth*, and the eternity of hell-torments. These, indeed, are serious subjects which ought never to be mentioned, but with all the gravity of veneration: but what is still more presumptuous, as our author observes, ‘How is the sacred institution of tythes become subject to banter, and the tenth of the increase made the song of the drunkard, and the jest of the profane?’ *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. We wish the author may not have had some contest with an unbelieving farmer, or obstinate quaker, who has endeavoured to laugh him out of his *tythe pig*, or insisted upon his taking the *tythe bantling*.

In treating further of ridicule, the rev. Mr. Weston seems to involve himself sometimes in obscurity. Speaking of ludicrous books, he alludes to *philosophers degraded; magistrates scorned; to seeing living kings descend with levity from their thrones, and dead ones insulted with every possible circumstance of infamy and derision*. We wish he would descend with gravity from his dictatorial chair and cloudy canopy, and explain what he means by this declaration. What follows is a nosegay of eloquence, which cannot fail of being agreeable to every nose of true taste. ‘If  
hatred

hatred should be thought to be the parent of ridicule, we have variety of it enough ; we have atheistical hatred as well as religious, and civil hatred as well as ecclesiastical ; we have legal hatred, and medical hatred, philosophical hatred, and theatrical hatred ; we have hatred in camps, in courts, in senates, and in schools, &c.' He might have gone on with his distinctions to the end of the chapter. We have political hatred as well as pedantical ; and complaisant hatred as well as surly ; we have preaching hatred, and teaching hatred ; learned hatred, and ignorant hatred : we have hatred in fleets and long-boats, in garrets, cellars, and cobblers stalls.—This is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Among others that the rev. Mr. Weston stigmatizes for being merry, we find ourselves implied in the general reflection against *those monthly retailers of learning in the present times, who, having succeeded to an honourable profession, have not dignity enough to support it : but find that defect most amply made up by such sallies of mirth, and effusions of banter, as suit with the fashionable and prevailing taste.* This, and more censure of the same kind, has the learned, the candid, the judicious, and rev. Mr. Weston, thrown out against all monthly journals without distinction ; either because he had not taste enough to distinguish them properly, or by this anticipating challenge, to intimidate them from taking cognizance of his performance ; or, finally, as the advocate and champion of dulness and fanaticism against humour and inquiry. Were we disposed to be warm and angry with the rev. Mr. Weston, we might tell him, that the Critical Review contains a variety of articles, written by men of the most approved talents of any that the present age has produced ; by writers, in comparison with whom the author of the performance now before us, is but as the being of a summer's day. We would advise him to treat with more respect those literary journals, by means of which alone his own writings have any chance of reaching posterity ; and inveigh with less acrimony against those powers of ridicule, which possess the exclusive right of immortalizing his genius.

All that he has poured forth in these rhapsodies proves no more than that the talent of ridicule may be abused ; which is the case with every other talent which heaven can bestow. If envy, malice, and detraction, convey their poison in a vehicle of ridicule, is that vehicle to be condemned for the poison which it accidentally contained ? At that rate we should renounce wine, because it is sometimes drunk to excess, and sometimes used as a conveyance for mischief and murder. What then, shall we banish innocent mirth and humorous entertainments,  
and

and turn weeping philosophers, because some time or other mirth may degenerate into riot, or be used for the purposes of villainy? This were an expedient equally absurd and dangerous, especially in a country like this, where the people are naturally of a saturnine complexion, subject to despondency, and addicted to gloomy reflections. The government, heretofore, in order to dispel this melancholy spirit, found it necessary to encourage dissipations, or, at least, to promote rational diversions and relaxations: with this view the book of sports was printed and republished; but the rev. Mr. Weston, by his good will, would restrain us to such serious subjects, that in a little time we should be no longer able to define man as an *animal risibile*. We should not only forfeit our most elegant amusement, which is the *zest* of satire, and, according to Shaftesbury, the *test* of truth; but we should deprive ourselves of the best corrector of folly, and the only effectual punishment that can be inflicted on crimes against which the laws of the land can make no provision.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,  
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence, &c.

And after all, suppose ridicule was banished the community, would vice and immorality cease of course? Alas! it is doing too much honour to vice, to suppose she could not exist without ridicule. Every day teaches us, that dulness and defamation are not incompatible: hypocrisy may be very grave and very treacherous: calumny can wound more deeply with a serious air than with a sneer on its countenance; and all the most heinous crimes reign independent of ridicule. In a word, the whole scope of our author may be reduced to these simple heads: *A proper regard to religion, and love for one's country, are laudable. Abuse of ridicule may be attended with bad consequences. We ought to cherish this regard, and this love, which are wanting. We ought to repress this spirit of banter which is become universal and licentious.* None of these positions would any sensible man deny, even though they had been advanced without all this pomp of declamation; all this parade of erudition: a parade which, we apprehend, the author has not been able to make, without stumbling in several instances. He tells us, for example, that the ancients have, in a manner, nothing to compare with us on the head of ridicule. What, has he never heard of the *Βαρπαχομωμᾶχία*, and the *Margites* of Homer; the comedies of *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*; the works of *Lucian*; the satires and epistles of *Horace*, who expressly says,

*Ridiculum acri*

*Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res;*

the satires of *Catullus*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*, and the epigrams of *Martial*.

VOL. VII. May 1759.

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*Martial*. Nay, ridicule may be extracted from the *Iliad*, as well as from the *Eclogues* of *Virgil*. *Cicero* himself dealt in repartee; and the Athenian matrons, during the time of the Eleusinian mysteries, rallied one another from waggons and boats, just as the modern English do on the Portsmouth road, and the river Thames.

Chap. V. treats of the causes of ridicule; among which he enumerates the reformation, infidelity, the restoration of king Charles II. the revolution and accession, a trifling disposition, a general diffusion of knowledge, politeness and urbanity, extended commerce and luxury, fondness for imitating our airy neighbours, a frequent mixture with some of the southern nations, great liberty, and great corruption. Whether this is not a vague assemblage of unequal causes, inconsistent and improperly assigned, we shall leave to the reader's determination. Perhaps the real source of this ridicule, is the singularity of the national character, howsoever produced by natural causes, influencing both mind and body. It is a general remark all over Europe, that the English are more addicted to ridicule than any other nation under the sun. They were famous for their satire and humour, even before the reformation, and ere they could boast of national liberty, witness the tales of Chaucer, which are equally humorous and sarcastic. Neither the Germans, Dutch, nor Swifs, contracted this habit from the light of the reformation; even though the two last nations had the additional motive of liberty.

Some of the other causes mentioned by our author may have helped to extend, and even carry to excess, our fondness for ridicule: but we should be glad to know what he means by a mixture with southern nations. We are at a loss to guess what southern nations we have been mixed with, except the French refugees, who will be found in general much more grave and serious than the native English. Nay, there is not a southern nation on the continent, so apt to exercise the shafts of ridicule, as we are, consequently any such mixture would impair this disposition. After all it will be found, that ridicule will there prevail most where it meets with the greatest variety of objects; of consequence it will triumph in England, where the oddities of character are so strangely and ludicrously diversified. Ridicule is a child begot upon Sensibility by Wantonness the son of Ease, the son of Affluence, suckled by Laughter, and fed with Folly.

In the sixth chapter our author treats of the ill effects of ridicule, which affect society more remotely. Among these he

reckons the practice of duelling; the separation of friends; as if these mischiefs could not be effected without ridicule, which he says is, for the most part, insidious, malignant, and overbearing; difficultly acknowledging the greatest perfections, and insolently aggravating the failings of our nature. All this may be true of ridicule, when it is in the hands of the wicked and perfidious: but, must we lay aside the use of razors, and suffer our beards to grow to our girdles, because, forsooth, a razor may be used by an assassin to cut his neighbour's throat?

Our author proceeds to explain the ill consequences of ridicule, which have a more extensive influence on society; such as the prejudice it does to truth and the reason of things (the reader may compare this opinion with that of Shaftesbury in his *Characteristicks*, who calls it the *test*, not the bane of truth) the contempt brought on the persons and authority of men; and its utter incompatibility with zeal for the state.—Malignant ridicule is incompatible with every virtue: just ridicule is an effectual lash for every vice.

In the chapter intituled, *Other means of acquiring zeal*, Mr. Weston very sagaciously proposes, that in order to begin this good work we should lay aside our national vices, particularly the love of pleasure, corruption, and infidelity: that, firstly, we should watch the motions of our hearts, and take the advantage of every favourable suggestion: secondly, we should come near, and behold the well-built fabric of our constitution: thirdly, we should have strong and vigorous impressions of national glory: fourthly, we should consider that we are yet freemen: fifthly, we should consider the great and manifold dangers that surround us: and sixthly, we should consider the beneficial tendency of our religion above all others in the world.

In his discourse on *the power of example*, he exhorts his countrymen to divest themselves of the love of gain; a very salutary advice to a nation, whose strength, power, and existence, depend upon commerce.

Chap. X. turns on *the power of belief in the christian religion*; and in the two last discourses, the author endeavours to obviate such objections as were, or might be made to his way of reasoning. We have not leisure to investigate all the doctrines and dogmas contained in this book, which is artfully interlarded with compliments to the king and government, rhapsodies on the glorious revolution, and warm encomiums on our illustrious ally the king of Prussia. The style is in general florid and affected, either mounted upon pompous metaphors, or sporting on a *sec-faw* of antithesis. The work is dedicated to Mr. Pitt; and tho'

it abounds with judicious remarks, and pious exhortations, we are afraid the reader will hardly applaud the author's modesty, in bestowing upon it the specious title of, *The Safety and Perpetuity of the British State, under the Influence of political and religious Zeal.*

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ART. IX. *The Orphan of China, a Tragedy, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Vaillant.

WHEN luxury has exhausted every mode of enjoyment, and is palled by an iteration of the same pursuits, it often has recourse even to absurdity for redress, and vainly expects from novelty those satisfactions it has ceased to find in nature. Like the Asiatic tyrant of antiquity, wearied of the old pleasures, it proposes immense rewards, and eagerly seeks amusement in the new. From the prevalence of a taste like this, or rather from this perversion of taste, the refined European has, of late, had recourse even to China, in order to diversify the amusements of the day. We have seen gardens laid out in the Eastern manner; houses ornamented in front by zig-zag lines, and rooms struck round with Chinese vases, and Indian pagods. If such whimsies prevail among those who conduct the pleasures of the times, and consequently lead the fashion, is it to be wondered, if even poetry itself should conform, and the public be presented with a piece formed upon Chinese manners? manners which, tho' the poet should happen to mistake, he has this consolation left, that few readers are able to detect the imposture. Voltaire, than whom no author better adapts his productions to the colour of the times, was sensible of this prevalence of fashion in favour of all that came from China, and resolved to indulge its extravagance. He has accordingly embroidered a Chinese plot with all the colouring of French poetry; but his advances to excellence are only in proportion to his deviating from the calm insipidity of his Eastern original. Of all nations that ever felt the influence of the inspiring goddess, perhaps the Chinese are to be placed in the lowest class; their productions are the most phlegmatic that can be imagined. In those pieces of poetry, or novel, translations, some of which we have seen, and which probably may soon be made public,\* there is not a single attempt to address the imagination, or influence the passions; such therefore are very improper models for imitation: and Voltaire, who was perhaps sensible of this, has made very considerable deviations from the original plan. Our English poet has deviated

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\* A specimen of this kind will probably appear next season at Mr. Doddsley's, as we are informed.



Still farther, and, in proportion as the plot has become more European, it has become more perfect. By omitting many of the circumstances of the original story, and adding several of his own, Mr. Murphy has given us a play, if not truly Chinese, at least entirely poetical. Perhaps it was the intention of this ingenious writer, to shew the strength of his imagination in embellishing a barren plot, and, like the artist we have somewhere heard of, who was famous for dressing a pair of shoes into a fri-cassee, chose rather to have us admire his manner than his materials.

The first error in the plot of this piece is, that the pathos begins without a proper preparation of incident. The most poignant anguish begins in the second act, where Mandane, the only woman of the play, feels all the distress of passion, conflicting between a subject's duty and a mother's tenderness. When the poet thus attempts to move us before his time, the most he can do is to raise an equally moderate degree of pity through the whole, which all his art cannot raise into that fine agony of distress, so common among the great masters of his art. All enthusiasms are of short continuance; nor is it in the power of genius to keep our sorrows alive through five acts, unless it diversifies the object, or, in every act excites some new and unforeseen distress; but neither of these the Chinese plot in view admits of.

Shakespear, Otway, and Rowe, seemed to have been perfect economists of their distress (if we may use the expression) they were so sensible of a necessary gradation in this respect, that their characters frequently make their first appearance in circumstances of joy and triumph: they well knew that we are apt to pity the sufferings of mankind, in proportion as they have fallen from former happiness. Othello therefore meets the mistress he soon must kill, in all the extasy of an happy lover: Acasto surveys the felicity of his family with the most unre-served degree of rapture; and the father of the Fair Penitent, who soon is to be wretched indeed, begins in a strain of exultation that forces us almost to envy his felicity.

We have been led into these reflections, from observing the effect the ingenious performance before us had upon the audience the first night of its representation; the whole house seemed pleased, highly and justly pleased, but it was not with the *luxury of woe* they seemed affected: the nervous sentiment, the glowing imagery, the well-conducted scenery, seemed the sources of their pleasure: their judgment could not avoid approving the conduct of the drama, yet few of the situations were capable of getting within the soul, or exciting a single tear: in short, it was

quickly seen, that all the faults of the performance proceeded from vicious imitation, and all its beauties were the poet's own. And now we are mentioning faults, (faults which a single quotation from the play will happily expunge from the reader's memory) the author has, perhaps, too frequently mentioned the word *virtue*. This expression should, in the mouth of a philosopher, be husbanded, and only used on great occasions; to repeat it too often it loses its cabalistic power, and at last degenerates into contempt. This was actually the case at Athens, so that their Πολυθέλλετη ἀρετή, as it was called, became contemptible even among the most stupid of their neighbouring nations; and towards the latter end of their government they grew ashamed of it themselves. But to do the writer ample justice, we will lay one scene against all his defects; and we are convinced, that this alone will turn the balance in his favour. Works of genius are not to be judged from the faults to be met with in them, but by the beauties in which they abound.

Zamti, the Chinese high-priest, is informed, that his own son is going to be offered up as the Orphan-heir of China; after a short conflict his duty gains a complete victory over paternal affection: he is willing his son should die, in order to secure his king; but the difficulty remains to persuade his wife Mandane to forego a mother's fondness, and conspire also in the deceit,

‘ S C E N E. *Mandane. Zamti.*

*Mandane.* And can it then be true?  
Is human nature exil'd from thy breast?  
Art thou, indeed, so barb'rous?—

*Zamti.* Lov'd Mandane,  
Fix not your scorpions here—a bearded shaft  
Already drinks my spirit up,—

*Mandane.* I've seen  
The trusty Morat—Oh! I've heard it all.—  
He would have shunn'd my steps; but what can 'scape  
The eye of tenderness like mine?—

*Zamti.* By heav'n  
I cannot speak to thee.—

*Mandane.* Think'st thou those tears,  
Those false, those cruel tears, will choak the voice  
Of a fond mother's love, now stung to madness?  
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,  
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast,  
Turn all connubial joys to bitterness,  
To fell despair, to anguish and remorse,  
Unless my son—

*Zamti.*

*Zamti.* Thou ever faithful woman,  
Oh! leave me to my woes.——

*Mandane.* Give me my child,  
Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son;  
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,  
And let me strain him to my heart.——

*Zamti.* Heav'n knows  
How dear my boy is here.—But our first duty  
Now claims attention——to our country's love,  
All other tender fondnesses must yield;  
—I was a subject e'er I was a father.

*Mandane.* You were a savage bred in Scythian wilds,  
And humanizing pity never reach'd  
Your heart.—Was it for this—oh! thou unkind one,  
Was it for this——oh! thou inhuman father,  
You woo'd me to your nuptial bed?—So long  
Have I then clasp'd thee in these circling arms,  
And made this breast your pillow?—Cruel, say,  
Are these your vows?—Are these your fond endearments?  
Nay, look upon me—if this wasted form,  
These faded eyes have turn'd your heart against me,  
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

*Zamti.* Why wilt thou pierce my heart?

*Mandane.* Alas! my son,  
Have I then bore thee in these matron arms,  
To see thee bleed?—Thus dost thou then return?  
This could your mother hope, when first she sent  
Her infant exile to a distant clime?  
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame,  
Would urge thee to this peril?—thus to fall,  
By a stern father's will—by thee to die!——  
From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom!——  
—Murder'd by thee!—Yet hear me, *Zamti*, hear me——  
Thus on my knees—I threaten now no more——  
'Tis nature's voice that pleads; nature alarm'd,  
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost feeling,  
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.

*Zamti.* Nay, seek not with enfeebling fond ideas  
To swell the flood of grief—it is in vain——  
He must submit to fate.——

*Mandane.* Barbarian! no—— *She rises hastily.*  
He shall not die—rather——I prithee, *Zamti*,  
Urge not a grief-distracted woman:—Tremble  
At the wild fury of a mother's love.

*Zamti.* I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.  
But thou break thine.—Bathe your perfidious hands



In this life blood.—Betray the righteous cause  
Of all our sacred kings.

*Mandane.* Our kings!—our kings!  
What are the scepter'd rulers of the world?—  
Form'd of one common clay, are they not all  
Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,  
To drink the cup of human woe?—alike  
All levell'd by affliction?—Sacred kings!  
'Tis human policy sets up their claim.—  
Mine is a mother's cause—mine is the cause  
Of husband, wife, and child;—those tend'rest ties!  
Superior to your right divine of kings!—

*Zamti.* Then go, Mandane—thou once faithful woman,  
Dear to this heart in vain;—go, and forget  
Those virtuous lessons which I oft have taught thee,  
In fond credulity, while on each word  
You hung enamour'd.—Go, to Timurkan  
Reveal the awful truth.—Be thou spectatress  
Of murder'd majesty.—Embrace your son,  
And let him lead in shame and servitude  
A life ignobly bought.—Then let those eyes,  
Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,  
With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,  
To brighten slavery, and beam their fires  
On the fell Scythian murderer.

*Mandane.* And is it thus,  
Thus is Mandane known?—My soul disdains  
The vile imputed guilt.—No—never—never—  
Still am I true to fame. Come lead me hence,  
Where I may lay down life to save Zaphimri,  
—But save my Hamet too.—Then, then you'll find  
A heart beats here, as warm and great as thine.

*Zamti.* Then make with me one strong, one glorious effort;  
And rank with those, who, from the first of time,  
In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,  
For conqu'ring all the dearest ties of nature,  
To serve the gen'ral weal.—

*Mandane.* That savage virtue  
Loses with me its horrid charms.—I've sworn  
To save my king.—But should a mother turn  
A dire assassin—oh! I cannot bear  
The piercing thought.—Distraction, quick distraction  
Will seize my brain.—See there—My child, my child,—  
By guards surrounded, a devoted victim.—  
Barbarian hold!—Ah! see, he dies! he dies!—

*She faints into Zamti's arms.*

*Zamti.*

*Zamti.* Where is Arface?—Fond maternal love  
Shakes her weak frame—(*Enter Arface.*) Quickly, Arface, help  
This ever-tender creature.—Wand'ring life  
Rekindles in her cheek.—Soft, lead her off  
To where the fanning breeze in yonder bow'r,  
May woo her spirits back.—Propitious heav'n!  
Pity the woundings of a father's heart;  
Pity my strugglings with this best of women;  
Support our virtue:—kindle in our souls  
A ray of your divine enthusiasm;  
Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts  
Th'imprison'd mind to that sublime of virtue,  
That even on the rack it feels the good,  
Which in a single hour it works for millions,  
And leaves the legacy to after-times.

[*Exit, leading off Mandane.*]

Even in so short a specimen the reader sees a strength of thought, a propriety of diction, and a perfect acquaintance with the stage. The whole is thus in action, filled with incident, and embellished by a justness of sentiment, not to be found even in Mr. Voltaire. The French poet, for instance, seems to speak without detestation of self-murder, and instances the neighbouring Japanese, who find in it a refuge from all their sorrows; our poet more justly brands it as an usurpation of

*Zamti.* ————— The dread prerogative  
Of life and death, and measure out the thread  
Of our own beings!—'Tis the coward's act,  
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril—  
Be that the practice of th'untutor'd savage;—  
Be it the practice of the gloomy north. —————

*Mandane.* Must we then wait a haughty tyrant's nod,  
The vassals of his will?—no—let us rather  
Nobly break thro' the barriers of this life,  
And join the beings of some other world,  
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,  
And view the deed with wonder and applause.—

*Zamti.* Distress too exquisite!—ye holy pow'rs,  
If aught below can supersede your law,  
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,  
Rush to your awful presence;—oh!—it is not  
When the distemper'd passions rage; when pride  
Is stung to madness; when ambition falls  
From his high scaffolding;—oh! no—if aught  
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue

Has

Has nothing left to do;—when liberty  
No more can breathe at large;—'tis with the groans  
Of our dear country when we dare to die.

*Mandane.* Then here at once direct the friendly steel.

*Zamti.* One last adieu!—now!—ah! does this become  
Thy husband's love?—thus with uplifted blade  
Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft  
With other looks than these—oh! my *Mandane*—  
I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?—

*Mandane.* Alas! the loves that hover'd o'er our pillows  
Have spread their pinions, never to return,  
And the pale fates surround us—  
Then lay me down in honourable rest;  
Come, as thou art, all hero, to my arms,  
And free a virtuous wife—

*Zamti.* It must be so—  
Now then prepare thee—my arm flags and droops  
Conscious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.

[*Dashes down the dagger.*]

This is finely conceived, and exquisitely executed. Subjoined to the play we find a letter, addressed from the author to Voltaire, which we think might have been better suppressed; for though it is written with fire and spirit, and contains many judicious observations, it may subject Mr. Murphy to the censure of having made but an indifferent return to a man, whose sentiments and plan he has, in a great measure, thought proper to adopt. It may be indeed considered as a just retribution on Frenchman, who had served Shakespear in the same manner, that is, adopted all his beauties, and then reviled him for his faults. Voltaire is intitled to particular regard from our countrymen, notwithstanding the petulance with which he has treated them on some occasions; for he was certainly the first who opened the eyes of Europe to the excellencies of English poetry.

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ART. X. *An Essay on Taste.* By Alexander Gerard, M. A. professor of moral philosophy and logic, in the Marischal college of Aberdeen. With three dissertations on the same subject. By Mr. De Voltaire. Mr. D'Alembert, F. R. S. Mr. De Montesquieu. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Millar.

THERE cannot, perhaps, in the whole circle of letters, be a more pleasing employment than examining by the test of criticism the productions of a fine genius. It is a species of self-



Self-adulation, by which the praise bestowed upon the author is secretly and imperceptibly transpired to the critic. We weigh his sentiments in the ballance, they coincide with our own; we approve them, and congratulate ourselves upon joining issue with him. If in particulars we vary, yet the general scope of his reasoning being analogous to our own reflections, we hurry over what we deem faulty, to stamp our approbation upon real excellence. We judge by the surplus of merit, and where this shines forth eminently, we disdain the malignant, the mean satisfaction, of catching at slips, and searching after blemishes. Hence the reader will perceive, with what exquisite pleasure we have perused this philosophical Essay upon *Taste*, where the subject is handled with depth, precision, genius, and *feeling*; where the author has disclosed his general principles with a nice discernment in the principles of human nature, combined them with a vigorous power of the abstracting faculty, inferred from them, with a capacity for correct induction; and, upon the whole, distinguished himself no less for his sensibility than his judgment.

We have seen authors write about *taste*, without either possessing a grain themselves, or being able to communicate the *divine particula auræ* to their readers: they have set about a formal discussion of what they never felt, and were as wide of a true description of the *effects*, as remote from a philosophical account of the *causes*. The truth is, we can only speak with plausibility upon this topic, never with certainty, till the relation between mind and body, the action of spirit upon matter, be fully explained. The feelings and workings of taste are obvious; but in what manner those sensations are excited; how they come to be so various in some points, and uniform in others; how judgment differs from genius, and both from taste, will, in spite of all the labours of the learned, remain an insuperable paradox. As well may we attempt to explain why one man is brave, generous, and candid; another close, designing, and timid; while the advantages of education are equal, and personal appearances, perhaps, in favour of the latter. The dispositions of the mind depend more on the minute construction of the body than we are aware of: the smallest variation in the nicer animal organization may occasion correspondent differences in the intellectual faculties; but as *those* are too fine for human sight, so will *these* ever escape all our enquiries. How do rage, wine, and disease, alter the temper, the genius, and the man? He who was yesterday a hero, shall to-day be a driveller; and the man who, but a week since, could lay open all the principles of nature, shall now sink into the weakness of infancy. Let us think on the melancholy fates of the glorious Marlborough,

borough, the great Newton, and the humorous and witty Swift ; then deplore our own infirmity and ignorance.

We are desired by those sages, who would confound what they cannot explain, to turn the mind's eye upon itself, to consider its passions and its actions, and particularly, to contemplate it in its pleasures, in which the true intellectual nature is best understood. We are thence supposed able to discover the causes of pleasure, the manner in which the objects operate, and the times and circumstances in which they produce their effects. Vain and idle conjecture ! The very same objects operate differently according to the occasions. Their effects solely depend upon our humour, and what in sun-shine gave me exquisite *delight*, shall, in cloudy weather, be regarded with insensibility, perhaps, disgust : besides, do not men of acknowledged taste disagree in the very objects of that *faculty* ? What I behold with languor and indifference, shall excite transports in you ; and yet, we may perfectly agree in many other objects of taste. Let us take one instance out of numbers. In all works of art, the *sublime* is regarded as the most universal source of pleasure : this always strikes by the intrinsic force of its own qualities. To constitute the *sublime*, various requisites are necessary ; the chief, however, are *order*, the progression of *surprise*, that is, a change and *newness* in our ideas, together with a something grand, awful, and even horrible. How is it then that the noble pile of *Westminster-Abbey* shall be reckoned Gothic and barbarous, while the *Pantheon*, of a less varied figure, shall be deemed the height of sublimity and beauty ? The former possesses the stronger characteristics of the sublime as well as the latter : it is stupendous and great, the eye being unable to comprehend the whole ; it is regular, all the parts corresponding, to make one uniform and complete *whole*. The gloom and melancholy with which it seizes every man of sensibility gives it a mixture of the awful and horrible, which, with its magnitude, will give it the fourth requisite of the sublime novelty ; since whatever alters the tenor of the animal spirits, and varies the current of our ideas, must be *new*. Thus it is possessed of the qualities of the sublime, yet it fails of exciting that idea. It is great without magnitude, or rather grandeur ; sublime, without causing those ideas supposed necessarily to result from such a combination of qualities ; but then it has something *mean*, that weakens the force, and destroys the effects of all the former beauties. This I can feel in myself, and not explain ; those who would do it for me, may silence but not convince me. I can see nothing in the abstract and nature of proportion, that  
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can at all satisfactorily account for my feelings; and I sit down fully convinced, that the fault is less in the building than in us, who judge by the prejudices and narrow rules of art, and not by intuitive feeling and sensibility.

We are told of a certain celebrated painter, that he could read the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, and even the *Medea* of Euripides, without emotion; yet was he transported at the sight of any of those scenes upon canvass. A poet, on the contrary, shall view *Hector*, dragged round Troy by the pencil, with indifference and frigidity; but he will be melted into the softest passions, on reading the lamentations of *Andromache*. Both have taste; but that of the one is restrained to the ear, the other is limited to the eye. Nay, the poet's taste in some measure partakes of both, since his ideas here are excited by symbols, equally applied to the ear and to the eye. Let the philosophers explain this if they can.——But not to waste the reader's time with inexplicable paradoxes, let us see how far the ingenious Mr. Gerard has contributed to set the subject in a clearer view.

Our author begins with dividing his work into three parts. In the first he resolves taste into what he calls its simple principles, viz. The taste or sense of *novelty*, *sublimity*, *beauty*, *harmony*, *ridicule*, *imitation*, and of *virtue*. In examining these several simple principles, Mr. Gerard has advanced nothing new: it is in the combination of these, and their application to his general purpose, that he has shewn his address, and displayed all the qualities of the able philosopher and judicious critic! Here he treats of the formation of taste, by the union and improvement of its simple principles, under the following heads: 'Of the union of the internal senses, and the assistance they receive from delicacy of passion.—Of the influence of judgment upon taste.—Of the manner in which taste may be improved.—Of sensibility of taste.—Of refinement of taste.—Of correctness of taste.—Of the due proportion of the principles of taste.' It would be difficult to give an analysis of these chapters, without new-modeling the whole, losing the spirit of our author, and writing an essay, which would swell beyond the room allowed to this, or any other article. All his reasoning is illustrated with pertinent instances that greatly enliven the subject.

As we look upon the following to be one of the most entertaining chapters in the whole, we have selected it for the benefit of our readers.



SECT. III. *Taste improveable ; how, and in what respects.*

Both reflex sense, and judgment, it's associate, are originally implanted in very different degrees, in different men. In some they are so *weak* and languid, that they scarce at all show themselves in many instances, and are incapable of a very high degree of improvement by any education, care, or exercise. In others, they are naturally *vigorous* ; so that they spontaneously exert themselves on most occasions, determine with considerable accuracy, and perceive with wonderful acuteness. In the *former* the seeds of taste must, without the greatest culture, lie for ever latent and inactive : and to the *latter*, culture is far from being unnecessary ; by means of it, the principles of taste may be improved, very much beyond their original perfection.

We are scarce possessed of any faculty of mind or body, that is not improveable. Even our *external senses* may be rendered more acute than they were at first. Persons accustomed to observe distant objects can descry them more readily than others. Touch often becomes much more exquisite in those, whose employment leads them to examine the polish of bodies, than it is in those who have no occasion for such examination. Use very much improves our quickness in distinguishing different flavours, and their compositions. But the *internal senses* may receive vastly greater alterations. The former are *ultimate* principles in human nature ; and, like the elemental parts, or fundamental laws of the material world, are in a great measure exempted from our power : the latter are *derived* and *compounded* faculties, liable to alteration from every change in that series or combination of causes, by which they are produced. The former are more directly subservient to our preservation than our pleasure ; and therefore, like the vital motions, are almost entirely subjected to the wiser government of the author of our natures : the latter, though highly conducive to our well-being and entertainment, are not necessary to our being ; and may, for this reason, without great hazard, be in a considerable degree entrusted to our own care, and made dependent for their perfection on the consequences of our own endeavours to regulate and improve them.

Taste very early begins to shew itself. But it is at first very *rude*, inaccurate and confined. It is *gradually* formed, and by *slow* steps advances towards *excellence*. Every exertion of it, if properly applied, wears off some defect, corrects some inaccuracy, strengthens some of its principles, or gives it a relish for  
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some new object. Like all our other powers, it is subject to the law of *habit*, which is the grand, indeed the only, immediate means of improvement of every kind, extending it's power to all our faculties, both of action and perception. Every expedient for cultivating either is but a particular species of use and exercise, which derives it's efficacy solely from the force of custom. To the forming of taste, peculiar means are in their nature suited. The same qualities of the mind, which, by their operation, produce the reflex senses, will, by co-operating with habit, improve and exalt them. Whatever therefore usually excites these qualities, and draws them out into act, must be a means of cultivating taste. It grows by such congruous exercise, and always holds proportion to the natural vigour of its principles, the propriety and efficacy of the culture bestowed upon it, and the skill and diligence with which it is applied.

'Tis easy to trace the progress of taste in ourselves or others. Children discover the rudiments of it. They are passionately fond of every novelty; pleased with order and regularity in such simple instances as they can comprehend; delighted with a glow of colours; admirers of every form which they think august: they perceive often to a surprizing degree the harmony of sounds; are charmed with the appearance of ingenuity in their diversions; prone to imitate, and gratified by every effect of imitation which they are capable of observing: they are very quick in discerning oddity, and highly entertained with the discovery of it; and will hardly ever fail of passing a right judgment concerning characters, when these characters are exerted in a series of actions level to their understandings. But a small degree of excellence satisfies them; a false semblance of it is easily imposed on them for the true; any disguise misleads them. The daubing of a sign-post, the improbable tales of nurses, the unnatural adventures of chivalry, the harsh numbers of Grub-street rhyme, the grating notes of a strolling fidler, the coarsest buffoonry, are sufficient to delight them. In some, for want of exercise and culture, the same grossness and contraction of taste continues always, or it is applied in a low, perverse, or whimsical manner. They may despise a relish for *childish trifles*; but themselves enter into *important* subjects, with as little relish as the merest children; or are perhaps delighted with *other trifles*, a very little different or superior in kind. Of dress or equipage, of the beauties of a tulip, of a shell, or a butterfly, they are accurate judges and high admirers. But the sublimity of nature, the ingenuity of art, the grace of painting, the charms of genuine poetry, the simplicity of pastoral, the boldness of the ode, the affecting incidents of tragedy, the just representation

presentation of comedy ; these are subjects of which they understand nothing, of which they can form no judgment. Many who pretend to judge, having pursued a wrong track of study, or fixed an erroneous standard of merit, betray an uninformed, fantastical, or perverted relish. It is only in the few, who improve the rudiments of taste which *nature* has implanted, by *culture* well chosen, and judiciously applied, that taste at length appears in elegant form and just proportions.

‘ Thus taste, like every other human excellence, is of a progressive nature ; rising by various stages, from its seeds and elements to maturity ; but, like delicate plants, liable to be checked in its growth and killed, or else to become crooked and distorted, by negligence or improper management. *Goodness* of taste lies in its maturity and perfection. It consists in certain *excellences* of our original powers of judgment and imagination combined. These may be reduced to four, *sensibility*, *refinement*, *correctness*, and the *proportion or comparative adjustment of its separate principles*. All these must be in some considerable degree *united*, in order to form *true taste*. The person in whom they meet acquires authority and influence, and forms just decisions, which may be rejected by the caprice of *some*, but are sure to gain *general* acknowledgment. This excellence of taste supposes not only *culture*, but *culture judiciously applied*. Want of taste unavoidably springs from *negligence* ; false taste from *injudicious cultivation*.’

In the third division our author assigns the province, and launches out upon the importance of taste. He shews this faculty, which he calls a *sensation*, is dependent on the imagination. After enumerating the operations of fancy, which naturally result from its simplest exertions, he clearly proves, that these form the principles whence the sentiments of taste arise. He treats of the connection of taste with genius ; of its influence on criticism ; of its objects, pleasures, and of the effects of taste on the character and passions. After all, though we acknowledge the erudition and genius of Mr. Gerard, we think his Essay has reflected no great light upon his subject. The causes why certain objects operate in a manner peculiar to themselves ; why they vary in their effects on the same, as well as on different reasons ; by what particular criterion we are to judge of this faculty, or sensation ; wherein the certain boundaries of genius and taste consist ; with many other particulars, remain as obscure as he found them. Men’s feelings alone can dictate to them here, and these will ever be as various as their faces. We cannot therefore blame the ingenious author, for  
not



not having drawn general conclusions from principles so vague and uncertain, nor for having erected a limited theory, where it will be impossible to rear one universal and without exception, till all men's ideas are reduced to one certain standard.

To this work are annexed three essays upon the same subject, by Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the celebrated Baron Montesquieu. The first is a superficial essay of a few pages, in the lively manner of that elegant writer. The other, by D'Alembert, relates merely to the use and abuse of philosophy, in matters that relate to taste; a paper calculated for the use of the Royal Academy at Paris. The last is a fragment found among the papers of Montesquieu, and published in the last splendid edition of his works at Paris. The following character of it is drawn by the translator, and not unjustly: 'If the following fragment abounds with fine thoughts upon sources of our intellectual pleasures, it must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that its ingenious author has advanced therein some propositions that are absolutely false, others that are perhaps trivial, several that are somewhat obscure, and a few, which the translator confesses he does not understand.' What pity is it that the excellent author did not live to complete his thoughts upon a subject, which his superior genius will ever intimidate any other from attempting: such is the depth of Montesquieu's ideas, that few are able to connect them in that order in which they were placed in his memory. They were so many axioms of science, inferred from an infinite number of particulars: they were universal principles, and general theorems, fraught with numberless subordinate truths, the links of which we shall hardly discover but by intense thought, great reading, and the strongest powers of reflection.

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ART. XI. *A General View of the Stage.* By Mr. Wilkes. 8vo.  
Price 5s. Coote.

**T**HIS book was written by a private gentleman, (who resides at Dublin,) for his amusement: he seems to have read almost all the pieces that have been published on the subject; from his digestion of which, and his own observations, this production has arisen. There is a modesty in his preface which must influence us in his favour, and, in a good measure, atones for any errors into which he may have by chance been led.

The work is divided into four parts: the first treats *Of the stage in general*, and consists of seven chapters, viz.

VOL. VII. May 1759.

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‘ Chap. I. *Definition of the stage ; its use to society ; the disadvantages under which it labours.*—Chap. II. *Of dramatic entertainments in general ; of tragedy ; a remark on the characters of the Orphan ; the Fair Penitent ; Jane Shore ; of the modern method of making tragedies ; of the Roman Father, and Mallet’s Eurydice.*—Chap. III. *Of the different species of tragedy ; of lady Macbeth ; its propriety ; some strictures on Shakespeare and Otway ; of Tate’s alteration of King Lear ; of Addison’s Cato ; of our feelings when spectators of a tragedy ; and their cause.*—Chap. IV. *Of comedy ; its end ; of the design of the play of Every Man in his Humour ; of the different species of comedy ; of the Careless Husband ; how faulty, and how to be corrected ; Terence and Steel compared.*—Chap. V. *Some of Congreve’s characters, whence taken ; of the defects of the Spanish drama ; of the progress of theatrical entertainments among the Romans, both antient and modern ; of the Italian drama at this day ; of the French stage ; of the English comedy.*—Chap. VI. *Of farce.*—Chap. VII. *Of opera ; theatrical music, and pantomime.’*

The title of the second part is *The art of acting*, divided into seven chapters, viz.

‘ Chap. I. *Acting defined ; general observations on the art ; the essential requisites for forming a complete actor, &c.*—Chap. II. *How an actor ought to form himself ; the means by which he may arrive at excellence.*—Chap. III. *How he ought to deport himself with regard to the world, his masters, his brethren, and his choice of characters.*—Chap. IV. *Of passion and elocution ; how to manage and preserve the voice ; Aaron Hill on this subject.*—Chap. V. *Of the various passions ; how to express them in speaking, looks, and action ; illustrated by comparing Iago with Zanga.*—Chap. VI. *Of dress and its propriety.*—Chap. VII. *Of the errors and improprieties which an actor is to avoid.’*

There are the same number of chapters in the third part, which is *A short historical account of the stage, antient and modern, to the restoration.*

‘ Chap. I. *Of the first rise of the drama, and the structure of the Roman theatre.*—Chap. II. *Of the antient masks.*—Chap. III. *Of the antient tragedy and comedy in Greece ; and their authors.*—Chap. IV. *Of the Roman theatrical entertainments, and dramatic authors.*—Chap. V. *Of the antient actors.*—Chap. VI. *Of the first rise of the modern theatre, particularly the British.*—Chap. VII. *Of the most eminent British actors from Queen Elizabeth’s time to the restoration.’*

As Colley Cibber took up the thread of his *Apology* at the Restoration, and continued it thro’ his own life, Mr. Wilkes here judiciously

judiciously skips over that space to hasten to his fourth part, in which we find *A critical examination of the merits and demerits of the principal performers now acting in London and Dublin, under six heads, viz,*

‘ Chap. I. *An address to audiences.*—Chap. II. *Of Garrick’s different excellencies.*—Chap. III. *Of Woodward, Moseley, &c.*—Chap. IV. *A short history of the Irish theatre ; and an account of the principal performers.*—Chap. V. *Of the performers on the Irish stage.*—Chap. VI. *Of the usefulness of the stage.*’

As a specimen of this author’s abilities, we shall give two or three passages. In his first part he justly observes, ‘ That vice is more afraid of ridicule than of the most serious rebuke, is no uncommon observation. The reason is evident ; because though we renounce the practice of virtue, the love of it is enforced by reason, and a moral sense of shame remains impressed even upon the mind of the most abandoned. The dramatic poet, in his attacks upon vice, is at liberty to search the province of humour for assistance ; to call in wit, pleasantry, and poignant satire to his aid ; when he has a mind to banish folly, by laughing her out of countenance. Thus, with force of genius, strength of fancy, choice of expression, grouping of ideas, and harmony of numbers, he smooths the rough precepts of philosophy, awakens the heart to a true feeling of its duty ; and whether he deals in the jocular or the serious, whether he calls forth the laugh, or compels the tear, he enforces the principles of humanity, and his power is equally acknowledged. From him the characters of history receive an accession of strength and beauty ; and the actor calls them, as it were, into life again, for our instruction and reformation. The poet presents a correct drawing ; the actor enlivens with colouring, and finishes the piece.’

His directions, with regard to acting, are not unworthy of the notice of the gentlemen of the stage : and the following comparison between Zanga and Iago will appear to the judicious reader to have some merit.

‘ There is a great deal of difference between the malice of a slave and the vengeance of a prince justly provoked ; and while we abhor Iago, and view his fall with pleasure, we find something in the character of Zanga that commands our pity. Iago prosecutes to destruction a noble unsuspecting officer, for having preferred above him one Michael Cassio. He has no other real motive for his villainy : he indeed in the first scene of the play mentions to Roderigo, that he hates the general on another ac-



count ; for, says he, ' He has, between my sheets, done me the unlawful office ;' and again he declares he will not be easy, ' till he is even with him wife for wife.' But from his deportment through the rest of the play, he leaves us at liberty to judge, that he has invented this story, the better to help his designs on Roderigo, without whom it is impossible his schemes can work. He then proceeds to destroy an honest gallant soldier, an innocent beautiful woman, a well-beloved modest man, and a simple outwitted coxcomb. He completes a mean but barbarous revenge, excited by a very trifling disappointment ; he levels every thing in his way, and spares neither age, sex, or condition. When his villanies are detected, he deports himself with all the gloomy malice of a slave. ' What ye know, says he, ye know ; seek no more of me, for from this hour I never will speak more.' In few words, he has neither the spirit to triumph in his vengeance, nor the least spark of refined feeling for having destroyed characters so amiable as Desdemona and Othello. How very different are the motives and deportment of Zanga ! how intimately acquainted was the poet who drew the character, with the manner both of his rank and country ! While Zanga is pursuing his aim, we find him now and then deliberating ; we find a remembrance of what he was contending with, designs that may not admit of an honourable interpretation. ' Does this, says he, become a prince, &c.' but then retiring again into himself, he views his present abject condition ; he recollects the insults whereto it has made him subservient, the person that has occasioned them. These motives, joined to the natural melancholy he imbibes from his native air, determine him to proceed. At length his wishes being crowned with success, and having triumphed over Alonzo his conqueror, his insulter, by making him destroy his friend, murder his wife, and rendering him absolutely miserable, no more remains for him to do than to shew him, that the man whom he despised and abused was the person to whom he owed his misfortune. Having no more occasion for the appearance of flattery and sycophantism, he throws off all disguise, and is himself again. Having raised the hopes of Alonzo, by promising to shew him the author of all his sufferings, he collects the whole prince ; he assumes the port, the majesty of a conqueror, in saying,

*Know then !—'twas I——*

Now he is restored to sovereignty, his heart overflows with satisfaction ; and he proceeds to mortify Alonzo, by exerting his superiority still farther, and shewing him by the steps he had taken to undo him, that if he could not conquer him by open force, he could subdue him by policy ; and as this subduction

gave him superiority, no matter by what means attained, nor of what nature, his desires were gratified. Then he tells him, in the following lines, the various causes in which he triumphs.

*Thy wife is guiltless, &c.*

Then to shew that he has acted with a justice becoming himself he desires Alonzo to remember who the man is that can thus greatly punish.

*Look on me, who am I? you'll say the Moor.*

How noble, how princely is his conduct, when he sees Alonzo fallen; how beautiful, how finely put into his mouth is this sentiment:

*I war not with the dead.*

And in the end that mixture of benevolence with which the whole of his character has been tinged breaking out in his pitying the fall of so great and so good a man; his being sorry that he was necessitated to work the overthrow of so much virtue, naturally recommends him to our compassion, and in a great measure compensates for his vices. I think, indeed, the poet derogates from the dignity of the character in carrying him off as it were in despair; and that the last line

——— *To receive me hell blows all her fires.*

were better altered to a more settled and philosophic sentiment.

‘ In considering the two characters of Iago and Zanga, which appear of a similar nature, I would recommend to the actor to observe that Iago’s revenge is the sheer malice of a villain, who has no consequence to support him; that in Zanga he should take care to infuse an air of dignity through the whole; to give his fawning on Alonzo such an air that they shall seem forced and affected; that his proceedings are against a man

*Whose native country has been laid in blood.*

This is a character in the last act, of which particularly an actor may get reputation, if he views and reviews it before he attempts it.’

In his characters of the living actors, he is very civil; and if his good-nature prevents him from laying open any of their imperfections, it also hinders him saying any thing new. On the whole, Mr. Wilkes’s book may be said to be the best and most extensive thing of the kind: it is pretty entertaining; tho’ his matter is often indigested.

**ART. XII.** *A new Explanation of Daniel's famous Prophecy of the weeks. Wherein (it is conceived) all difficulties are removed, with which all other attempts of this kind have been embarrassed. By Thomas Hare, M. A. Rector of Chedington, Dorset, and master of the school of Crewkerne, Somersetshire. 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Baldwin.*

**T**HE author of this pamphlet promises great things in his title-page, and in the postscript gives a new instance of self-conceit in his treatment of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton; concerning whom he affirms, that his interpretation of this prophecy is neither natural nor defensible. From an author that makes such professions, and censures so great a man, some extraordinary discovery might be expected. How he has succeeded in this attempt will appear from a short view of his pamphlet. He tells us, in page 14th, that all expositors, both Jews and Christians, have taken the passage in question near as it runs in the English translation of the Bible now in use among us, wherein a person, says he, would be much puzzled to make sense of it. He therefore proposes a new explanation of the prophecy; and says, in page 16th, that the design of it is to tell us, how many years there should be from the issuing out of the decree for the restoring and rebuilding Jerusalem; and likewise from the actual rebuilding and restitution of it, to the time of the Messiah: and how many years there should be from the actual rebuilding and restitution of Jerusalem to its final destruction. It is well known, that by a week in scripture-language is often meant seven years. Our author, contrary to all other expositors, makes the number of weeks amount to 86, which makes 602 years. These he digests into their particular periods, in the following manner; from the issuing the edict for building Jerusalem in the time of Cyrus, till the 40th year of the reign of Artaxerxes, 15 weeks, or 105 years; from the 40th of Artaxerxes to the 13th year of our Lord, when he came as a ruler to his temple, 62 weeks, or 434 years; from the 13th year of the Messiah to the slaughter of the Jews by Gessius Florus, governor of Judea, and the siege laid to Jerusalem by Cestius Gallus, 8 weeks, or 56 years; from the slaughter of the Jews by Florus, and the siege of Jerusalem by Cestius Gallus, to the finishing of the war, 1 week, or 7 years. We have thus given a summary of the author's new explanation of the prophecy, in which he has thought proper to dissent from all other expositors, by augmenting the number of weeks to 86, which had been confined before him both by Jews and Christians to 70.

The author tells us, with great self-sufficiency, that he has explained the prophecy to his own satisfaction; and that he does  
not



not think the task ever was, or ever can be performed otherwise than by the plan and method laid down by him. We can by no means censure him for speaking in this stile, since, as a celebrated author observes, a preacher or pleader should always be positive; as the surest way to convince others is to seem convinced one's self. This talent for dogmatizing, however, should not be overvalued in the author, as he is a school-master; but whether the public will prove as docible as his scholars, we shall not take upon us to determine. We have read his work with care and attention; and, in the perusal of it, could not help recollecting that line of Horace, so often quoted by the right-worshipful society of pedagogues.

*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

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*Gentlemen, by inserting in your Review these few observations, upon an unprovoked charge, that affects the character of a worthy man, you will oblige your humble servant,*

M. N.

ART. XIII. Letter to the Authors of the CRITICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

**I** Have lately seen a passage in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, &c. Vol. II. p. 133, reflecting on serjeant Wynne, as if he had desired to see the speech of his right reverend client, and had, as it were, forestalled him, and spoke the substance of it himself. This charge is asserted, not upon hearsay or information, but as a *fact*, which the reader may be apt to think lay in the author's own knowledge, or at least was grounded upon the best information obtained at the time. Now this transaction happened thirty-six years ago, when that author was hardly out of his nursery, and in speaking of facts so long before their own knowledge, *modest writers* usually quote their authority, or assign some reason in support of their assertions: however, as silence may, in some cases, be construed an admission of a fact, it may be proper to say something in answer to it, tho' Mr. W. despises the calumny, and thinks a mere denial is equivalent to a mere affirmation, without proof or probability.

The passage above referred to seems to imply an uncommon memory and some degree of judgment in Mr. W. (young as he

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then

then was)\* that on the *bare reading or seeing* a speech, which took up two hours or more in the delivery, he should be able to borrow the substance of it, and make use of it as his own; a circumstance that sounds highly improbable.

That he should presume to do so, in the presence of his judicious client, and upon his first appearance at the bar of that honourable house, is still more improbable, and implies an uncommon share of assurance; a quality that was never reckoned any part of his character.

Whoever fairly considers the nature of the case, the different situation of a counsel from that of the person accused, if he judges rightly, must own, that the one requires a different composition, and a different manner of expressing and treating the subject from the other. Many things may be proper, and not unbecoming for the one to say, either as he was a prelate, and member of that honourable house, or as a supposed criminal, which would be highly improper, and perhaps not safe in the other to insinuate: the one was thoroughly acquainted with the facts, and consequently could explain, assert, or deny, with more freedom and assurance; whereas the other was a stranger to them, any otherwise than as instructed by his brief, and ought therefore to speak with care and caution, especially on such an high and complicated charge as that was, and where Mr. W. was, in a manner, *little known to, or acquainted with*, his client, till just before he had the honour to be assigned one of his counsel.

'Tis not improbable, that where two or three, or more persons, speak upon the same subject, and upon such a multitude of facts of which the charge against him consisted, some of the same observations may occur to each, tho' without any privacy or conference together: but I am apt to think, no one person who was to prepare himself upon such an occasion, would desire to see or read the composition of another, who was to speak upon the same occasion, and perhaps on the same day, and before the same noble audience: as this communication would rather tend to distract and confound him than be of any real use, and to tire his judges with unnecessary repetition.

Indeed I have heard, that the bishop desired to know at one of his consultations, whether in treating of *bearsay evidence*, they should mention the preamble of Sir John Fenwick's bill of

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\* Tho' I dare say the author intended no compliment to him, attainer;

attainder; and Mr. W. informing his lordship that passage had occurred to him, and in what manner he intended to apply it, the bishop desired him to forbear mentioning what he intended upon that point; for that he himself should carry his reasoning upon it much farther, and that it would, moreover, be of great service in giving him an opportunity to sit down and repose his wearied limbs, while that act should be recited in the house. Mr. W. accordingly left that passage *entire to his lordship*, and he made all the use he intended of it.

Since the sight of this passage above referred to, I have heard Mr. W. often declare (and I dare say from his known probity and veracity he would make oath, if the occasion required it) that he *never did see, or desire to see, the bishop's speech, nor ever read one line of it himself, nor ever heard one line of it read by any other person*, before it was spoken in the house of lords; nor has he ever since seen or read it, tho' there is reason to believe his speech is still in being, with an introductory account of the true ground, and motives of his prosecution; and if the two could be compared together, they would be found as different as two speeches could be on the same subject.

As for the speech of *his so called*, printed by A. Moore, at that time, 'tis a spurious, incorrect composition, and does not contain much above half in quantity, and besides, has many nonsensical and unintelligible paragraphs in it, and hardly a true or correct one throughout: but if *even that* were to be compared with the other, no likeness would be found, but what necessarily arises from a reference to the same facts; and I am sure where it occasionally mentions *his council*, 'tis *with all due regard*, and not the least complaint of any *unfair, ungenerous, or unbecoming behaviour* in them.

It is well known Mr. W. never was alone with the bishop during his commitment; and when sent for, was either in company with Sir Constantine Phipps, the other counsel, and with one or both his solicitors, who were assigned to assist him in his defence, and one or more of his servants; and therefore many persons must have been privy to this fact, if true, besides some other listeners, who narrowly watched, and probably overheard most things that passed at those times.

What therefore could induce the author to vent such a *calumny* upon one who is a mere *stranger to him*, and about a transaction near thirty-six years ago, without any ground, and against all proba-



probability, 'tis hard to conceive; but it is hoped the author will be so ingenuous, as either to retract his assertion, or assign his reasons, or explain his meaning in any future edition of his work, or in any other way he thinks more proper.

I was going to close these observations; but as the author has thought fit to introduce a certain passage into his anecdotes of an unfortunate duke, I am apt to think he is, in that respect, also mistaken. I would not be understood to defend his grace's levities, or want of principles, (as that author calls them) but I happened to know the company his lordship was in *almost every hour of that day before he spoke on that debate*, and to whom he was pleased to *shew his speech, ready drawn up*, and all in his *own hand-writing*, and whom he pressed to peruse it: during that conversation his grace altered, struck out, and supplied it as he thought proper upon the spot; and I believe it was the same in substance as that which soon after appeared in print; and notwithstanding the author's assertion, I think I may truly add, that he hardly ever passed a day or evening more soberly than that: so that this was not a sudden start, upon conference with the *minister*, under a *feigned contrition*, to *desire hints* of him, which his grace did not want: for it is well known, that he had from the beginning to the end of that long proceeding, constantly *attended*, and taken *notes of the evidence*, amounting at least to a quire of paper, and not only *spoke on the side of the bishop in the run of the cause*, but had signed several protests upon it many *days before*. If the minister after this was deceived, he was easily deceived, and contrary to his known sagacity, and in a matter at that time very notorious to others.

This does not rest *only on my assertion*, tho' I was present every day at the proceeding, and therefore no incompetent witness; but I might appeal to some still alive, and to the *journals* (in fol. and 8vo.) themselves, as well as to the printed *protests*, where his grace's name is to be found among other noble lords. On the *2d and 3d of May, 7th and 11th of May, 1723*, and at last on the general question *15th of May*, whether the bill should pass, he not only spoke in the *most masterly manner*, as the author owns, protested for some of the reasons given by the other lords, but added four more of his own. So that there seems to be no room to doubt, but that he was all along prepared, fixed, and determined, as much as any one could be upon any subject. Whether his lordship was right or wrong in his judgment, I don't presume to say. 'Tis not improbable, but that he might go to the minister at some other time, as he did once or twice dine, uninvited, at the board of green-cloth, that was kept in the neighbourhood during

during that proceeding, by way of *frolick*, or *fun*, as he called it, but not by way of *instruction*, or to *beg hints*, because he was sufficiently master of the whole proceeding from his own notes and observations. However, he is now gone, and unable to answer for himself; and therefore I thought this little was, in justice, due to his memory.

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## FOREIGN ARTICLE.

## PARIS.

ART. XIV. *Histoire de Maire de Bourgogne, fille de Charles le Téméraire, &c.*

The History of *Mary of Burgundy*, daughter of *Charles the Bold*, wife of *Maximilian*, first archduke of *Austria*, afterwards emperor.

THE virtues of this princess are extraordinary, her misfortunes affecting, her birth and situation such as made her of great consequence in the epoch in which she lived. M. Galliard, the author of her history, seems to have talents equal to the treating of so interesting a subject, of which he has made eight chapters, without interrupting the chain of his narration, or lessening the reader's desire to be fully acquainted with the whole. In a few words, this performance raises the attention every where; there is no place in which it falls upon the reader's mind.

In the first chapter our author gives a concise history of the dutchy of Burgundy: he relates its different revolutions, clears up the rights of the first dukes of the house of Hugh Capet, and then discusses the pretensions of king John, successor to the last duke of that first race. Philip, the son of the aforesaid John, was invested with the sovereignty of the dutchy by his father: his character, and those of his three successors, with their participation, both in the government and troubles of France, their virtues, vices, talents, views, projects, and, in a word, the principal objects of their respective lives, are here drawn with the hand of a master.

Mary of Burgundy, only daughter of Charles the Bold, inheritor of his possessions, misfortunes, as well as of the hatred of Lewis XI. was born in Feb. 1457. She had virtue that from her infancy reconciled her to her situation: she was mild and good, inviolably attached to her duty, tenderly respectful  
of

of the capricious and unhappy temper of her father, but blindly submissive to his orders. She looked upon herself in early years as a state-victim, destined to be sacrificed to ambition and politics : she viewed the various princes that aspired to her bed with her father's eyes, for she did nothing from herself : while he approved of their addresses, her will was inclined in the same channel ; when he altered, she became dutifully indifferent.

Among her suitors during her father's life were the brother of Lewis XI. of France, a duke of Calabria, Maximilian of Austria, a duke of Savoy, and the prince of Tarentum, to all of whom Charles gave hopes, and cajoled in such a manner, that they neither dared to break with him, nor yet could they openly tax him with intending to deceive them. The reasons of his conduct are hard to be unravelled ; and we shall not pretend to say, whether he cared but little about the fate of this unhappy woman ? whether he did not chuse to see her married ? Or whether his temper, naturally changeable, prevented him from carrying his designs into execution ? Or, perhaps, with a most refined policy, he endeavoured to bind to his interest with the bands of hope, and the shade of uncertainty, the different pretenders to his daughter's bed ; by such means warding off the resentment of such as might chance to be one or other time disappointed.

In the second chapter, we find Charles dead, without having disposed of his daughter ; his vast possessions spoiled by the devastations of war, divided by Lewis's intrigues, and on the point of being over-run by his arms.

Lewis's pretensions to the succession of the different provinces of the house of Burgundy are examined in the third chapter. It is certain that a marriage between the dauphin, eldest son of Lewis XI. and Mary, might have destroyed all their heart-burnings, and confirmed the power of that monarch and his successors upon a lasting foundation. He had this scheme for some time in his head, but it was soon forgotten. His intrigues, undertakings, and the success of his different generals, form the fourth chapter of this history.

In the fifth chapter he labours to prove, that the match between Mary and the dauphin was never in the king's real intention. Rejected by France, Maximilian was the only husband fit for her, and him she espoused.

The remainder of the war in the Low Countries, and in the dutchy and county of Burgundy, fill the sixth and seventh. The  
confe-



consequent intrigues and negotiations for peace make up the eighth chapter.

Before the peace was concluded Mary died, infinitely lamented by her people, and Lewis did not long survive his treaty with Maximilian; he languished for a while under a weight of bodily infirmities, which, however heavy, were infinitely inferior to those of his mind. Endeavouring to conceal his weakness and decline from his people, whose contempt he stood in fear of, he hid himself in the inmost recesses of his palace, shut in with bolts and bars of iron, surrounded by every apparatus of terror, torn with remorse, tormented by suspicion, degraded by superstition, dreading his attendants by whom he was feared and abhorred; terrified at the thoughts of death, in despair at its approach, and tortured with convulsions more horrible than death itself, he descended to the grave, a humiliating object of misery; a proper lesson for the contemplation of pride, and a memorable example of the justice of providence.

The historian, thro' this whole life, has been industrious in searching out facts, and stating them with fidelity: his arguments are strong, his reflections just, his expression forcible and properly varied.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 15. *Letters from the Marchioness de Sévigné, to her Daughter the Countess de Grignan. Translated from the French of the last Paris edition. 2 Vols. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Coote.*

**T**HERE are eight or nine volumes of these letters in French; the two first are here translated with ease and spirit. The character of the author is well known in the polite world; she was daughter to Baron de Chantal, who is said to have fallen by the hands of Cromwell, in the famous expedition to the isle of Rhée. She was married to Henry Marquis of Sévigné, who, seven years after, was killed in a duel. No mother was ever more tender of her children: and count de Grignan, the husband of her only daughter, being appointed lieutenant-general of Provence, carried his wife with him. A separation between the mother and daughter, gave rise to this correspondence, which, in the opinion of the great Bayle, is the standard of epistolary writing: the president Bonhier speaks of them as a master-piece in that way, not to be paralleled, either by antient or modern authors.

The letters are natural, easy, and unaffected: they abound with wit, which always arises from the subject, without art or  
false

false fire, and seems the overflowing of a correct and delicate imagination: even in trifles the marchioness is spirited and entertaining; and more particularly the latter, as we sometimes find her furnishing anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV, that throw proper, and often unforeseen lights, upon the private characters of its most shining ornaments. There is a promise in the first volume of continuing the translation; which we shall be glad to see, as this specimen is done with great freedom, and a just adherence to the sense of the original.

Art. 16. *Abbassai. An Eastern Novel. 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 6s. 6d. Coote.*

The novelists of the present age seem determined to carry their point by perseverance, which they were unable to perform by their stile; they write, are damned at the tribunal of criticism; are disregarded by the world; and yet, strange to think! sit down to write again. Thus every month, every week produces its monsters, which, instead of requiring Herculean strength to conquer, die of themselves after a month's existence, and go out of the world as silently as they entered it. The present novel, in the original something superior to the numerous class of those kinds of composition, is, by an indifferent translation brought down to the true novel standard, and is neither better nor worse than what every day makes its appearance. Novels at present bear so strong a resemblance to each other, that a person might be often tempted to think them the production only of one writer, did not their multiplicity exceed the abilities of an hundred. The reader need scarcely ask our opinion when a modern novel is the subject; and to characterize a romance, is almost synonymous with censure.

Art. 17. *Genuine Happiness: A poetical Essay. Addressed to the Young Club at Arthur's. By John Bland, Esq; 4to. Pr. 1s. Townshend.*

Mr. Bland has here advanced divers reasons to prove, that reason is the most unreasonable guide we can follow; that she is the foe of man; and that if we would be really happy, we must imitate the brutes in acting from instinct only. How far this advice is offered, with propriety, to the club at Arthur's, we shall not pretend to determine. Perhaps the members were in danger of becoming too rational in their pursuits, when this monitor thought it necessary to recal them to the paths of instinctive nature. The following interrogatories put to reason will give the reader an adequate notion of this author's genius and philosophy,

' Reason

' Reason declare, if thou canst understand,  
 How sprang forth time, or whence did space expand?  
 What bounds it's empire? If a boundless void!  
 How first produced, or last to be destroy'd?  
 Can past eternal know a future end?  
 Or yester's birth, thence infinite extend!  
 How kindles into life the breathless clay?  
 Or the lamp light, why burns it but a day?  
 It's flame once spent, does it elsewhere relume?  
 Or rest extinct, for ever in the tomb?  
 Did mystic nature, with design replete,  
 Or plastic power alone, this world create?  
 Then leaving all to chance, unconscious prove,  
 Rude discord ruling, or harmonic love!  
 Reason reply, if ought of this thou know'st,  
 Or silent, cease thy baffled skill to boast!

' But if a task like this too mighty shows!  
 Canst thou the springs of thine own pow'r disclose?  
 Hast thou discover'd, if the human mind,  
 At first a universal blank we find,  
 Imbibing slowly, what the time writ page,  
 Of earth's experience, opens but to age;  
 Or does high heaven at once the leaf unrol,  
 And print ideas, innate in the soul?  
 Or are some bought, while some are freely giv'n,  
 Part earth acquired, and part the lore of heaven!  
 Is mankind free, or does some pow'r unseen,  
 Direct our choice, and actuate the machine?  
 In fine, this will, this prompter unexplored,  
 In the soul's palace is it slave or lord?  
 If freedom guides the rein, does this prevent  
 Fore-knowledge in a power intelligent?  
 Is choice denied? Say then could heav'n ordain,  
 Reward for virtue, or for vice a pain?  
 If fate compulsive o'er the will preside,  
 Merit how lost! and O how humbled pride!  
 If foresight infinite bespeaks decree,  
 Then earth were doom'd, 'ere heav'n bade nature be,  
 Or if success be chance, to the blind dame,  
 Lo! good and evil, equal press the beam.'

These are, doubtless, knotty points in philosophy, which probably reason cannot easily resolve; but Mr. Bland will give us leave to hint in her behalf, that her not knowing every thing is no proof that she knows nothing. Dr. Halley was still a mathematician and a philosopher, and understood a great many useful



useful improvements in science, though he could not prescribe a sure method for finding the longitude at sea.

*Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,  
Non tamen idcirco, contemnas Lippus inungi.*

Art. 18. *A Father's Advice to his Son : an Elegy. Written an hundred and fifty years ago, and now first published from a manuscript, found among the papers of a late noble lord. 4to. Pr. 6d. Cooper.*

This performance is certainly of more modern date than the editor would persuade us. The old expressions (the word wending for instance) are of an earlier age than that ascribed to this little poem; and the versification is smoother throughout than we find in any cotemporary poet of that age: but of whatsoever century this performance be, it is certainly easy, poetical, and pretty; the thoughts, though trite, are natural, and the whole is well finished.

Art. 19. *The Character, and necessary Qualifications, of a British minister of State. In a letter to a member of parliament, 1759. By a lady. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.*

If superior talents and integrity; an intimate acquaintance with our constitution and commercial interests; a noble zeal to defend the one, and extend the other; courage, activity, vigour of mind, taste, liberality, and universal benevolence, can constitute a perfect British minister, we hope the phoenix is already found. The knowledge of arithmetic, and arts of œconomy, which this lady thinks the principal ingredients in the character, are, in our opinion, though necessary, yet inferior qualifications.

Art. 20. *Gasconado the Great : a tragi-comi, political, whimsical Opera, as it was intended for the entertainment of the public, but rejected by the managers of both Theatres. 4to. Pr. 1s.*

The reader we fancy will find, that the greatest recommendation of this piece is the loyal zeal with which it was written. Loyalty, indeed, so zealous, that it often hurries the author into invectives against crowned heads, that savour strongly of the flowers of Billingsgate. But however, these tropes he may defend by the practice of Homer himself, who makes even deities scold at each other in the phrase of Bear-Key: the empress Juno herself calls Diana a b—ch in plain terms, and chastises her with manual operation.

The performance before us is a kind of burlesque satire, on the different powers with whom we are at war, written in Hudibrastic

dibrastic verse, and interspersed with airs in the manner of the Beggar's Opera. Punch talking of the French king, under the name of Gasconado, says,

' Can he, my H rle, thus be undone,  
Whose pride so lately menac'd London?  
Who swore to fight, and make his best men stir,  
'Till he were crown'd at Westminster?  
And not to leave to any Briton  
A ship to steer, or stool to sit on?'

Here seems to be a small mistake: for Gasconado, far from threatening to deprive us of stools, swore he would bring the whole nation to a stool. We therefore humbly propose the following alteration:

And not to leave to any Briton,  
Aught but an easing stool to sh—t on.

Art. 21. *The Genuine History of Ambrose Guys, and the remarkable trial carried on for a long series of years, by his heirs, against the Jesuits, for his effects, amounting to eight millions of French livres: for the payment whereof, pursuant to a late sentence, all the convents of that order in France are now sequestered. Translated from an authentic copy, sent from Paris to one of the foreign ministers residing in London.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Coote.

Whether this account be genuine or fictitious we shall not pretend to determine: for though by a late arret of the French king, the whole is declared false and fabulous, the story bears all the outward signs of truth and simplicity. The narrative is clear, circumstantial, and unadorned; and we can easily conceive how a powerful body, like the society of Jesus, should have art and influence enough with a weak, bigotted prince, to obtain the sanction of his authority for suppressing the memory of a fraudulent transaction, which reflects such disgrace upon the whole order. We need not go to France to find examples of heirs defrauded of immense fortunes, and ruined in the prosecution of their just claims, by the arts of chicanery patronized by ministerial power.

Art. 22. *Frederick the Great. A poem.* 4to. Price 6d. Pottinger.

If Frederick fought no better than this bard writes, he would find it his interest to make peace almost on any terms. But perhaps the panegyrist is some callow bird, that in time may be able to fly.

- Art. 23. *Samuel Triplici Nomine Laudatus, Propheta, Populi Israelitici Judex, Scholarum Prophetiarum Rector. Conciones duæ habitæ in templo B. V. M. Oxon. Coram baccalaureis determinantibus. A Johanne Burton, S. T. P. coll. Eton. Haud ita pridem C. C. C. Oxon. Socio.*

These two discourses, dedicated to the ecclesiastical reader, contain eulogia on Samuel, in the threefold capacity of prophet, judge, and founder of the colleges in which the youth were qualified for the priesthood; for so he explains the *scholarum prophetiarum rector*. Samuel not only founded, but taught in these two schools, which our author describes as two monasteries. *Vitam illos degeſſe ſecretam, & fere monaſticam; a vulgo et tumultu omni populari ſemotos ſibi penitus vacaviſſe, rerum ſacrarum ſede theologiæ ſtudijs devotos, & in Dei laudibus quomodocunque celebrandis atque illuſtrandis maxima ex parte exercitatos.* Here likewise the ſtudent learned pſalmody, and to play upon muſical inſtruments. The ſtile of this performance we ſhould more applaud, if it was leſs interlarded with Greek words and phraſes, and not ſo much embroidered with idioms, ſentiments, and quotations, from the antient poets. We apprehend a man may write very pure and claſſical, without adopting the very words and phraſeology of Cicero and Horace; for this practice is, at beſt, but a ſpecies of plagiariſm.

- Art. 24. *A Letter from Monſ. De Voltaire to the author of the Orphan of China. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Pottinger.*

The approbation of blockheads confers no ſuperiority; their diſapprobation does not leſſen our eſteem. We dare venture to ſay, if Mr. Voltaire ever thinks proper to enter the liſts with our countryman, he will not chuſe to employ a dwarf for his ſecond.

- Art. 25. *A Fair Enquiry into the State of the Operas in England. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Cooper.*

Somebody who has a mind, perhaps, to be manager of the operas himſelf, has here given us a declamation againſt the defects of their preſent regulation. A declamation we call it, becauſe when he comes to point out the abuſes which ſhould have been the point moſt to be inſiſted on, he juſt mentions one or two of a trifling nature, and for the reſt refers us to a fitter opportunity. However, we are at a loſs, whether this gentleman has any further intentions than that of ſelling a ſixpenny pamphlet, or has any ambition beyond the dinner of the day.



**Art. 26.** *Epistolary Correspondence made pleasant and familiar : calculated chiefly for the improvement of youth, Containing sixty letters in the English and French languages, on such subjects and occasions, which young gentlemen and ladies (who are absent from their parents, &c. either at boarding-school, or elsewhere) require to write on, thro' the course of their education : being proper precedents for them to copy after, in order to instruct them early, not only in an easy, genteel, and polite manner of expressing their thoughts ; but also to cultivate their minds with the principles of virtue, morality, and every filial and social duty. The original English letters by John Gignoux, author of the late spelling book, intitled, The Child's best Instructor in Spelling and Reading : unanimously approved of, subscribed to, recommended, and made use of by upwards of sixty of the most eminent teachers of the English language, in and about London. The French translations by Philip Bellic, master of the ladies French boarding-school, in Cheney-Walk, Chelsea. Also, copious directions for epistolatory writing in general ; and in what manner to address superiors, equals, and inferiors : with instructions to read with propriety and elegance. To which is annexed, to render this work more useful, a compendious treatise of the first five common rules of arithmetick, and the rule of three ; wherein all possible contradictions are laid down in so concise and easy a manner, that cannot fail of rendering the meanest capacity thoroughly acquainted with those rules ; and, if rightly attended to, without the assistance of the master. 12mo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Dilly.*

This Book seems to be very well adapted to the capacities of children ; and therefore we recommend it as useful to all school-masters and mistresses who superintend the first rudiments of education.

**Art. 27.** *Tyburn to the Marine Society. A Poem. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.*

Notwithstanding the sarcastic freedom with which this author has treated us Reviewers, male and female, in his epistle dedicatory, as well as in the body of his poem, we cannot, without forfeiting that character of impartiality, which we have resolved to maintain, with-hold our approbation of the piece, in which we meet with abundance of arch irony and manly satire, a good deal of wit, and a great deal of humour. Perhaps we should have presented our readers with a specimen of each, had not the poet pleaded so pathetically against this practice, and indeed put it home to our consciences, as an infringement of the ninth commandment.

H h 2 Art.

Art. 28. *A Letter from a Blacksmith to the Ministers and Elders of the church of Scotland. In which the manner of Public Worship in that church is considered; its inconveniences and defects pointed out; and methods for removing them humbly proposed.* 8vo. Coote. Pr. 1 s. 6 d.

The author of this little but masterly production has, with great vivacity of expression and strength of reason, proved the method of worship followed by the church of Scotland to be highly defective, liable to many gross abuses, and the source of innumerable inconveniences and disorders. But we apprehend that he has exposed himself to censure, by assuming the ludicrous character of a Blacksmith upon so serious an occasion, and often expressing himself with a satirical severity, and too little regard to the laws of decency, which should ever be most strictly adhered to in the discussion of religious subjects. The noble author of the *Characteristics* has indeed asserted, that pleasantry may be properly introduced in a theological controversy; nay, that ridicule is the touch-stone, or test of truth. But this maxim has been sufficiently refuted in that excellent work, the *Minute Philosopher*. Had the Copernican system, the Antipodes, the existence of a new world, and other truths lately discovered, says one of the interlocutors in the dialogue, been proposed a thousand years ago, would they not have been received with derision by every one, and exploded as absurd and extravagant fictions? But would the reality of these truths be in the least affected by such ill-judged contempt and ridicule? The author may indeed alledge the example of the celebrated Swift, who, tho' himself a divine, has in a humourous work, intituled, *The Tale of a Tub*, composed a comical romance upon the reformation. But, *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*. He should not have been followed herein. It must be acknowledged, however, that in this letter many defects are pointed out that might be obviated by a form of prayer. The pedantry and vain ostentation of learning in young divines, weakness of voice, and decay of memory in the old, the hardship which a congregation undergoes, in being obliged often to join in the prayers of Sceptic, Arrian, Socinian, or factious ministers, with the influence which the practice of praying extempore gives a turbulent and aspiring priesthood over the minds of the people, are undoubtedly considerable inconveniencies, and might all be removed by the remedy which our author proposes. It seems remarkable, that the church of Scotland, which has always had the utmost aversion to that of Rome, and looks upon the most distant resemblance to it as the greatest of abominations, should unknowingly have copied popery in several of the most pernicious of her abuses. The contorsions and antic gestures, the

the many extravagant and unnatural tones made use of by the ministers of the church of Scotland, in order to rouse the passions of their vulgar auditors, put us in mind of the manner of preaching usual in Roman Catholic countries, and particularly in Italy, where, as a modern author expresses it, a sermon may be looked upon as a spiritual comedy. Upon the whole, it is but justice to say, that this little work has considerable merit; it is at once both spirited and instructive, and seems equally calculated for the entertainment of those who read for meer amusement, and the information of those whose views are more serious and solid.

Art. 29. *A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Elliot, A. B. Chaplain of St. George's Hospital, Hyde-park Corner, London; relating to his sermon preached at Christ-Church, Spital-fields, on Sunday the 21st of January, 1759, and since published, entitled, Encouragement for Sinners; or Righteousness attainable without works.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Baldwin.

The author of this letter seems fully to have confuted Mr. Elliot; and indeed his doctrine is so extravagant, that it did not require the exertion of any uncommon powers to expose the absurdity of it. We may apply to the answerer, who has heaped quotation on quotation, in order to disprove a position the falshood of which is self-evident, those words of Tully, in his treatise *de officiis*, *Utitur in re non dubiâ testibus non necessariis*. Upon the whole, the letter seems to be as little worth reading as the sermon which it refutes; and from the stile and manner might be guessed to be the work of some pragmatical, self-conceited student of divinity. This must have occurred to every sensible reader, even if the author had not taken care to put it out of all dispute, by signing himself Academicus.

Art. 30. *Considerations on the sufferings of Christ, in which the history of the passion, as given by the four Evangelists, is connected, harmonized, and explained.* By J. Rambach, late Professor of Divinity in the University of Gießen. Translated from the last edition of the German. 3 Vols. 8vo. Pr. 15s. Linde.

Divines have been, time out of mind, possessed of a privilege of being voluminous, and of saying but little: German authors of all denominations resemble divines in this respect. They laboriously compile enormous folios, spin out their productions to a prodigious length, and tire the reader's patience, without informing his understanding. We may justly apply to them those satyrical verses of Mr. Pope,

‘A lum.



‘ A lumber-house of books in every head,  
For ever reading, never to be read.’

Our author, who is at once a German and a divine, seems to have thoroughly conformed to the practice of those of his country and profession. He has, by means of a sort of wire-drawing, which indeed discovers but little art, produced three Octavo volumes, the substance of which might with ease be reduced to a duodecimo. In these three volumes he has descanted upon the sufferings of our Saviour in the garden, and before the spiritual court of the Jews, before the civil tribunal of Pilate and Herod, and finally, upon mount Golgotha: but his observations are so trivial and obvious, shew so little sagacity, and convey so little information, that we apprehend his work would have never acquired the least degree of reputation, had it not been, as the celebrated satyrift above-cited says, that

‘ Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.’

These considerations were given by the author in a course of lectures composed for students in divinity, and each of them is accompanied with a prayer, as flat and inanimate as the lectures are empty and uninstruative. They were, however, received without doubt by the German students with the same reverence that the disciples of the Stagyrift received his *ipse dixit*: but we apprehend, that very few English readers will have the patience to go thro’ with them.

Art. 31. *The polite Road to an Estate; or, fornication one great source of wealth and pleasure.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Coote.

This, in short, is the exercise of knavery and adulation, explained in the different branches of commerce, gaming, pimping, will-making, law-proceedings, &c. which our author recommends in a strain of sarcastic irony, not wholly devoid of humour.

Art. 32. *The Usefulness of a Knowledge of Plants: illustrated in various instances relating to medicine, husbandry, arts, and commerce. With the easy means of improvement.* By J. Hill, M. D. 8vo. Price 6d. Baldwin.

The purpose of this piece is to shew what mischiefs may be, and are daily done, by mistaking one plant for another; an astrigent, for example, for a laxative, and a poison for a fallad. In order to avoid such fatal mistakes for the future, the learned Dr. John Hill, proposes a plan for a new physic-garden, and  
offers

offers himself as the superintendant of it. What pity it is that this great naturalist, so famous for modesty, learning, and solidity, should have so often offered his services to the public, to no purpose.

Art. 33. *The Life of Belisarius, translated from the French. With some explanatory notes and Observations.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hinton.

This performance, compiled from the historians Procopius, Agathias, and Cedrenus, is not unentertaining in the original: the translation is (in our opinion) mean, and the notes are frivolous.

Art. 34. *The Annual Register; or, a view of the history, politicks, and literature of the year 1758.* 8vo. Pr. 6s. Doddsley.

There is a maxim among moralists, that every night we should sit in judgment upon the actions of the day, and that our lives to come should be a criticism upon the past. Whether in our conduct, as moral agents, we observe this rule, it is not at present necessary to determine; but certain it is, with regard to authorship, we follow the maxim exactly. We abound in news-papers, which sit in council upon the productions of the day; the very wise and very grave gentlemen and ladies of the reviews, many a magazine, professing knowledge and pleasure, are the censors of a month, and here we have him, the *Critic-general of the year*. The literature of the times appears to us pretty much as the royal kitchen at Versailles did to the honest Somersetshire-man, who went to travel for his amusement. Observing the fufs that was made in tossing up *Hors d'oeuvres* and *entremets*, he was asked what he thought of French eating? *Ah*, cried he, shrugging up his shoulders, *they want meats, but they have a world of cookery!* Scarce an original performance appears among us, that does not suffer five or six transmutations from these sons of industry: they have prostituted the trade of criticism, that, for our own part, unless we thought our endeavours were more calculated to improve taste than plunder its productions, we should be ashamed to own ourselves of the fraternity.

The present production certainly increases the number of books; but how the author is qualified for the task of criticism, his own performance must determine. The eulogium upon the king of Prussia, for instance, he ascribes to Montesquieu: the reader need scarce to be informed, that Maupertius was its real author. The verses on the first fit of the gout, which he produces among the poetical publications of the last year, are as old as, or perhaps older than the reign of Queen Anne. While he quotes the description of Lochlean in Ireland, as drawn by Mr. Smith, it would have been the part of a man qualified for the task he has undertaken, to inform us that Mr. Smith him-  
self

self was indebted for this description to one formerly drawn of this surprising landskip, and published about the year 1736. Thus we see, that a man who professes to be merely a compiler, must, at the same time, have learning, or he will be guilty of evident absurdities. But the mistaking a name, or his ignorance of literary history, were slight offences, if the compiler had merit in other particulars to compensate his defects. A stile laboured without spirit, and a trite common-place turn of thinking, exclude him from the class of critics, although he might not perhaps have been altogether contemptible as an essayist.

He has endeavoured, from the unconnected and desultory accounts published in our Magazines and Chronicles, to give some account of the present commotion in Europe, as he himself is too modest to call it history. We see no great merit to resume a former allusion, in making a fricassee of news-papers. The task was laborious, and disagreeable to the compiler; and we will venture to add, must be equally so to every reader, who has not read himself into a news-paper taste: and who is not delighted with the sound of German muster-roll, or an Indian War-whoop.

[The authors of the Critical Review are obliged to Mr. Watkinson for his judicious remarks touching the execution of their plan, of which remarks they will make a proper use; and though it is not properly their province to take cognizance of any thing not published; yet as the public may be benefited by his prescription, we shall insert it in his own words.]

‘It is very much to be wished, that physicians would communicate more freely even the least *observations* which they make in the *Materia Medica*: for these, how small soever they appear to be, are yet so many gems placed in the diadem of medicine, that posterity will look upon with gratitude.’—See Dr. Russel’s *epistolary dissertation to Dr. Frewin* (annexed to his *sea-water*).

Accordingly I communicate to you the following *observation*.

Sæpè-sæpius notavi singultum esse symptoma perquam funestum. Ingenuè fateor (olim) neque excogitare remedium, neque invenire mihi dabatur, quod illi par erat. In cassum (licet totis viribus) certavi hoc stomachi spasmodum conspicerè. In usum duxi Catapl. stomach. mosch. ambergr. opium. (Nam omnia hæc singultui compescendo inserviunt) Frustra tamen obnifusum. Nunc invenio singultum patientibus præsentaneo est subsidio Guttula una ol. chym. cinnamoni. nec unquam per multos abhinc annos elapsos me fefellit. Instillatur super portiunculam Sacch. abbiss.—Ore retineatur—sensim deglutitur.

By inserting this, (if your plan does not forbid it) you will oblige your humble servant,

EDW. WATKINSON.

